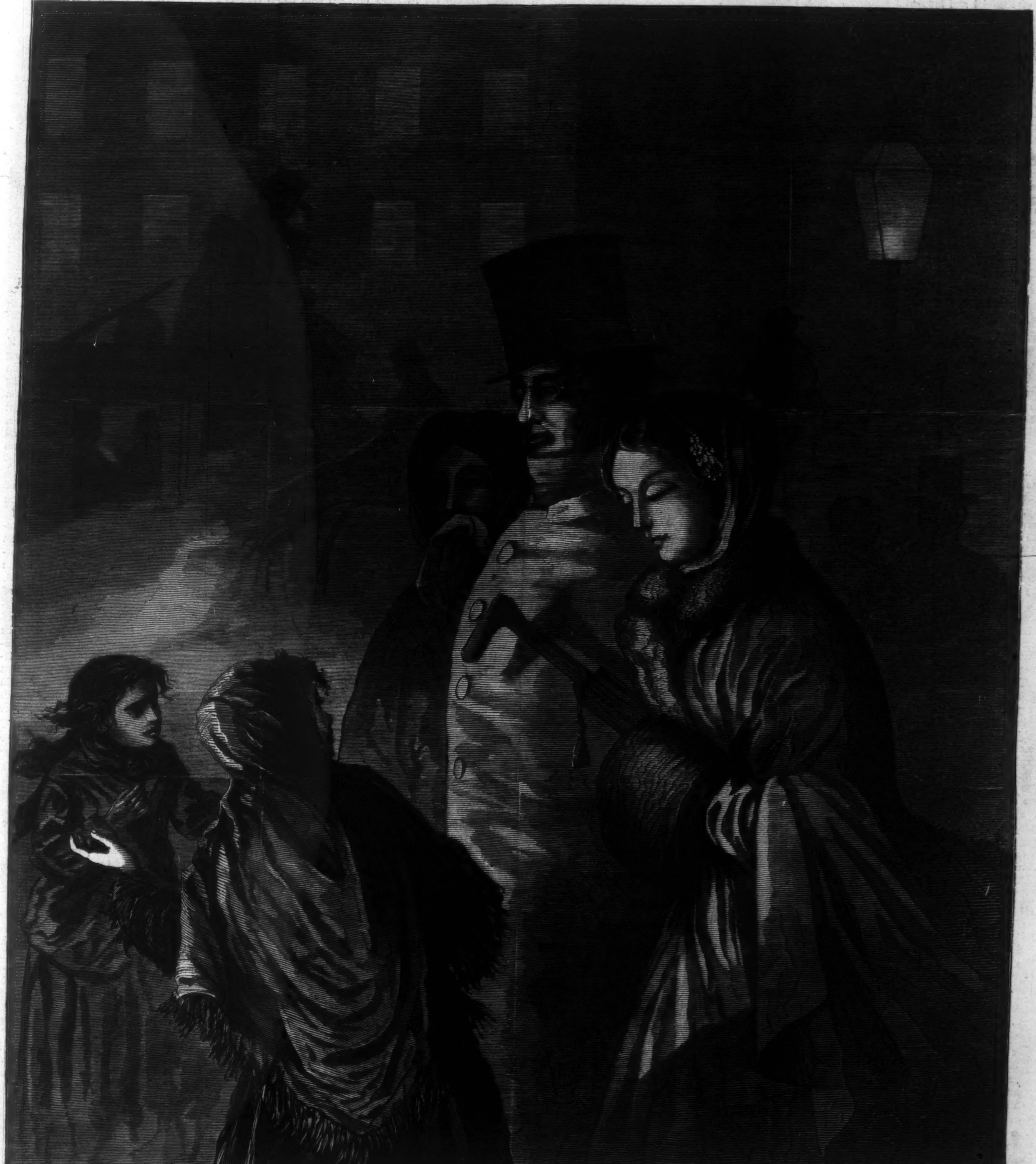
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XII.—No. 580.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.



"PLEASE GIVE ME A PENNY, SIR!"—[See next Page.]

"PLEASE GIVE ME A PENNY, SIR!"

In one of his pleasant letters to the *Christian Times* of London, Rev. NEWMAN HALL speaks in terms of the highest praise of what might be called "the organized charities" of New York, and more particularly of the various institutions of this city which have for their main object the care, support, and rescue from a life of crime and shame, of our "forty thousand city arabs," as he enumerates and designates the young vagrants and beggars of both sexes who live in the metropolis. The organized charities of New York have been praised by many others besides Mr. HALL; there is no doubt, even in the coldest of hearts and most uncharitable of minds, that they are practical and effective means of distributing charity and doing good; but there is also vast room for the judicious bestowal of unorganized, individual charity. Of special charities there can not be any too much, even if some of them be unwisely administered, nor can those who have the means to bestow go far wrong in giving freely in a general way. Especially is this the case at this time—during the present unusually hard winter, when so many worthy and industriously-disposed persons are, by the present commercial and industrial embarrassments, thrown out of employment. It is estimated that from 10,000 to 15,000 working men and women of this city have been discharged from regular employment since the opening of winter; and the proportion in other cities and States is not less. Many of these must necessarily seek relief at the various charitable institutions; the vast majority, however, must depend on the general charity of the public. The public do not need to be reminded that such want exists, for the needy applicants hourly asking for alms reminds them only too forcibly and unpleasantly of it, and it is to be hoped that they do not need urging to give freely, but perhaps the gentle reminder which we give in the beautiful picture on the preceding page will not be out of place at this time, when the need of charity is so great, and when the extravagance of our people in the pursuit of vain and ethereal pleasures is so unreasonable.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.

THE SITUATION.

AMIDST the loud shout of reactionary and partisan exultation which saluted the success of last November, we were told that now the State of New York at least could see daybreak, and that now the party of economy and public virtue and true principles of government having come into power in the lower House of the Legislature, we should see what we should see. But before the first month of the session has expired a member of the majority is reported in the debates of the Assembly as saying, "He thought that any rich and powerful corporation could overcome any committee of the House."

What a statement is here of the character of the Legislature! That it was made by a Democrat is of no importance. It is a subject of the greatest interest to every citizen of every party. If the honor of the members of the Legislature has become a jest even to themselves, it is time for thoughtful men to devise a remedy for the situation. Yet we do not believe there is any royal road to the reform, nor that the difficulty can be removed by law.

There is an evident political demoralization observable upon every side, which is really due in great part to the enormous and constant sophistication of the last twenty years upon the subject of slavery. Men were politically obliged to call wrong right; to chaffer, and higgle, and explain with their consciences—and with the inevitable result. The political character of the whole country was morally weakened, and we are now paying the moral as the war was the material penalty. We are apt stoutly to deny any relation of politics to morality, but the truth imperatively asserts itself; and he is a very insufficient statesman who does not consider it.

We have elsewhere spoken of the education of the freedmen. If any thing were clear when the war ended, it was our duty and interest toward them: a duty that might be overdone, but was not therefore to be left undone. Yet the fact of emancipation, so beneficent and sublime in itself, has undoubtedly been misinterpreted. It was but an act of justice, long and cruelly delayed, and it seemed to imply a fine moral elevation. But we have probably accepted the aspect of the act for the intention. For it was extravagant to suppose that a nation which had so long confused its conscience upon the subject could at once rise to such a height. And it did not. Those who supposed it possible were mistaken. Those who have thought that a policy founded upon the view of emancipation as a moral regeneration of the country would be warmly sustained have deceived themselves. The completion of emancipation is due to the same national necessity that began it; and they confuse their minds who persist in regarding it as a great moral victory.

That it will ultimately prove to be so is unquestionable. It will at length be seen by us that honesty is the best policy, and that an immoral social system is not expedient, but costs more than it comes to. Nor are we now complaining that nations delay reforms which morality demands until the demand is emphasized by self-interest. We are only looking for some explanation of the evident and painful demoralized state of the public mind in this country which is called the great reaction. Every aspect of it is as mean as that of the reaction under CHARLES II. in England. The inexpressibly contemptible hostility to the colored population is its first aspect—a hostility which feeds itself by every kind of slander and wretched appeal to a wretched prejudice, and forever seeks to exasperate instead of conciliate mutual confidence. The second symptom of the demoralization called reaction is the evident tendency to repudiation in some quarters, or willingness not to fulfill the exact moral understanding that existed when the national loans were made.

This reaction or demoralization will be the chief reliance in the approaching Presidential election of the party which fostered slavery and brought on the war. The two planks of its platform will be hatred of the negroes and repudiation. It will be observed that the name of Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR, of this State, is not often mentioned as a probable Presidential candidate of the Democratic party. He wrote a letter, indeed, late in the autumn, declining to be considered as an aspirant. Such a letter, of course, was naturally regarded as a polite reminder that Barkis was willin'. But we are inclined to believe that it was a sincere performance. At the Democratic State Convention last autumn Mr. SEYMOUR made a speech, in which he substantially favored keeping the public faith. But the movement of the reaction—the process of demoralization—was so rapid that, by the beginning of winter, Mr. SEYMOUR found that his latest utterance was far behind the sentiment of his party, and that he had ceased to be a leader. Mr. PENDLETON, a frank secessionist and repudiator, had not concealed his sentiments, and was saluted by the Northwestern reaction as the true interpreter of the party feeling. The clamor against the untaxed bonds grew louder and fiercer, and Mr. SEYMOUR, who had virtually spoken for that interest, was sagacious enough to see that he was already unavailable.

We are far from attributing intentional fraud to many of those who support the repudiating policy in whatever form it may be proposed. Nor is it difficult to see the reason of a wide-spread feeling upon the subject. Business is every where dull. The farmer's crops lie upon his hands. Gold is feverish, and with every fluctuation ruins thousands of small country traders. Taxes are heavier than ever before. Yet people of small means—and they are the great mass of the population—see that the holders of the gold-bearing bonds pay no tax upon them, while gold is at 120, or 130, or 140. The tax-payers vaguely feel that it is unjust; that here is an immense amount of property which contributes nothing at all to the taxes yet receives heavy dividends from the money raised by taxation. The mass of people are not thinkers; they know little of political economy, and they will be very friendly to any party or policy which promises, as they imagine, to equalize taxation.

Yet probably there is no one of the persons who have this feeling and wish this result who would not agree, upon reflection, that nothing can be gained by an actual breach of faith. If the United States should tax their bonds under the plea that they were originally exempted only from local taxation, or if there should be a payment of the interest upon a part of the Five-Twenties in greenbacks, or if the whole debt should be repudiated, the result would be morally the same; the national faith would be broken and the national name dishonored; and it would be economically the same, for credit being destroyed, the whole business of the country would be prostrated. The first step might not be ill-intentioned, but the end of the journey would be in full view. The embezzlers whom every year discovers and sends to self-destruction or to the State Prison meant to replace every thing before any body could be a loser. Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of BUTLER, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of PENDLETON, attend to the history of every man and of every nation which deliberately breaks faith!

It is the duty of every faithful citizen, therefore, not to say that the people are evidently resolved to do an unwise or dishonest thing, but to show them that unwisdom and dishonesty can not be advantageous. There is a favorite and familiar method of disposing of great public questions by saying, "Oh, the people have made up their minds to it!" But if the people have made up their minds to a false or a wrong policy—what then? Is an honest man to fall into line and shout Great is Diana! or is he to persist in preaching the unknown God? We do not believe that the country is ready to break faith, and all honest men have a right to demand from Congress a financial policy which will be simple, efficient, and just. The reaction unresisted will be an incalculable moral and material misfortune to the country; and we respectfully suggest that the way to resist it is not to yield to it.

THE ALPHABET AND THE NEW CITIZENS.

THERE is no subject of profounder interest than that of education in the late rebel States; and while the Democratic journals are every where sneering and canting about the freedmen, and striving to inflame and perpetuate hostility between the races, the freedmen themselves are steadily advancing in education and intelligence. The moment emancipation was accomplished, whatever was done or left undone education of the freedmen became a national necessity. If the President and his supporters could have had their way, the new citizens would have been left wholly to the old. If the Freedmen's Bureau had not been sustained against the veto, the situation at the South would have been infinitely obscurer than it is. The question that was so persistently asked in some quarters, whether it were the proper business of Congress or the Government to educate a part of the people at the public expense? was answered by the plain necessities of the case. With four millions of emancipated persons among six or eight millions who had been a master class, who knew that emancipation had been wrought despite them, and who could not avoid seeing in every freedman a living sign of their defeat and humiliation, there could be no more palpable national duty than to instruct the emancipated class.

From the beginning of the war there had been faithful men and women engaged in teaching, and voluntary societies rapidly arose to carry forward the good work, which has now fallen very much into the hands of the American Freedmen's Association. But General HOWARD, the Chief of the Bureau, has always been in the most friendly relations with the various societies, and has taken care that every thing within the power of the Bureau should be done for the cause. Amidst the fierce storm of politics this noiseless work has proceeded—a work of incalculable value, and largely dependent upon private subscription.

The whole subject is so vitally related to the rapid pacification and prosperity of the country that we confess none of the reports which are made by the various Departments at this season seems to us more significant than that of General HOWARD upon this subject. His name will surely live in the traditions of a grateful race. A more faithful friend no class in this country ever had, a more patriotic and modest public servant has not been known among us. From time to time there have been rumors of his removal, but some good genius has stayed the Presidential hand; and as the prolonged duration of the Bureau is doubtful, it may fairly be presumed that the General will remain to the end. In his late Report he speaks in the most encouraging tone of the subject of education.

It appears that the organization of the educational department of the Bureau is constantly more complete and efficient. It works harmoniously with all the voluntary associations, and the General thinks that "the freedmen may, before long, be safely left with such instructors." For the last six months, reported by Mr. J. W. ALVORD, General Superintendent of schools in each State, we learn that the whole number of schools reported, including Sunday-schools, is 3695, and of pupils 238,342. This was an increase of the previous six months of 1503 schools and 76,638 pupils. Of these schools 1056 are sustained wholly, or in part, by the freedmen, and 391 of the buildings are owned by themselves; 699 of the teachers in the day and night schools are colored, and 1388 white. 28,068 colored pupils have paid tuition, the average amount per month being $14,555; and only 6911 of the pupils were free before the war. There are 21 normal schools, with 1881 pupils. These schools, for the instruction of teachers, have been nearly doubled during the last six months, and are to be multiplied rapidly. The total expenditure by the Bureau for all educational purposes during the six months was $220,833 01, and for the whole year $643,766 20.

The interest in education among the colored people, says the General, does not flag, and the educational effort has been strikingly successful. The progress under necessarily unfavorable circumstances, the permanency of the schools, scarcely one failing after beginning, and the rapid increase of general intelligence among the colored population, are such as to cause the General to say that "the hopes of the warmest friends of the freedmen have been more than fulfilled. The Future is full of promise for the entire race redeemed from bondage and ignorance." These are cheerful words, spoken by one who knows more of the matter than any body else.

General HOWARD recommends that when the term of the Bureau expires the educational division, "which is beyond measure important," shall be transferred to the Department of Education, with ample power to sustain and extend the present system. How agreeable it is, after the stupid ribaldry of the Copperhead correspondence from the South, in which every thing ludicrous is distorted and derided, to contemplate the facts of this Report and all that they imply!

CHILD MURDER.

IN our paper for January 25 we published a view of the wicket of the Foundling Hospital at Florence, in Italy, and we called attention to the fact of the alarming increase of infanticide and of other unmentionable crimes. Indeed the most startling phenomenon of our life is the apparent decline of the maternal sentiment. Essays are constantly published by medical men which explain the mysterious advertisements in otherwise respectable newspapers. In some papers the reader may find nearly a column of such advertisements, which, in plain English, are merely murder made easy and disease made sure. They are both a cause and a symptom; and the essays of which we speak are the record of the experience of faithful and wise physicians. The late Dr. WORTHINGTON HOOKER, one of the most eminent among them, declared, in a former number of this journal, that the average of children in American families has declined from eight to less than three, and that one of the chief causes is the consent of the mother.

The inevitable consequence of such a condition is that human life declines in value, and that the unwilling mother views infanticide with composure. It is therefore not surprising that the Secretary of the Board of State Charities in Massachusetts has ascertained during the last year that eighty out of every hundred infants placed in public alms-houses die within a short time; and an asylum has been founded to care for the unfortunate children; and all the town authorities are authorized to send foundlings and all deserted infants thither. During the last week, also, another instance of this wanton carelessness of life, or in other words, murder, was exposed in this city. A woman applied to the Board of Health for a burial permit for a child two months old. Dr. HARRIS was suspicious, and upon inquiry it was ascertained that the body of the infant was brought from the house of CATHARINE D. PUTNAM, who keeps a lying-in hospital for women who are not wives.

The certificate upon which the permit was sought was given, according to the report in the morning papers, by Dr. JAMES W. RANNEY, and a false number of the house was mentioned. To the inquiry, whether it was a disreputable house, Dr. RANNEY replied that if taking children from the breast and feeding them upon "spoon victuals" tends to shorten their lives, and "if persons in a house doing this thing makes it disreputable, then this is a disreputable house." The cook testified that Mrs. PUTNAM advertised children for adoption, and kept them until they were adopted, and that there was a death in the house every two months. That is, Mrs. PUTNAM keeps a lying-in retreat for mothers who wish to abandon their offspring, and Mrs. PUTNAM disposes of them. If there are no applicants for adoption the fate of the infants may be surmised.

The experience of Europe has led to the establishment of foundling hospitals as the surest method of diminishing child murder. The argument that such institutions tend to promote vice by alleviating its consequences is not sound. For we have no right to make the sacrifice of those who are wholly innocent a means of restraining the guilty. Nor is the correction of the evil from which this crime springs to be found in vehement denunciation and exclamations of horror, and then leaving it to cure itself. In the city of New York we believe that the *Crèche* receives foundlings under certain conditions; but the time is fully ripe for such foundling hospitals as those in Europe. Nor have we any doubt that the revelations of every month and week, the testimony of science and of the police, will rapidly persuade the public of this truth.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTION.

As there is no report published of the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention at Albany except in the local papers, which are usually a fortnight behind the debates, it is edifying to observe the criticisms which are made upon that body and its work. The Democratic papers were not favorable to the Convention before it assembled, and soon after its deliberations began the New York *Tribune* led off in a loud denunciation of its "windiness," and set the fashion of laughing at it, which has been faithfully followed to the present time.

But we believe that when the work of the Convention is submitted to the people they will heartily approve it; and this is an opinion which is not peculiar to the members of the dominant political party among the delegates. Even the Albany *Argus*, which upon the adjournment in the autumn denounced the probable action of the Convention as destructive of all that is most desirable in civil society, now that its labors are coming to an end describes the changes made by it as generally valuable. Doubtless the *Argus* thinks that the result is due to the fact that the Convention has as yet made very few radical alterations in the present Constitution. It has equalized the suffrage, and extended the term of the judges to fourteen years, and it has laid certain restrictions upon the Legislature in passing special laws. But it has been unsparing in rejecting any proposition of fundamental

reform other than that of the voting qualification.

Thus the article reported by the Committee on Charities, proposing a complete system of State care of charities and charitable bequests, was—not to speak lightly—incontinently crumpled up and thrown out of the window. The Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Erastus Brooks, who is peculiarly familiar with the whole subject, and made a long and valuable and interesting speech upon presenting his article, struggled strenuously to save his work from immediate and ignominious rejection; but Judge Comstock bore down upon him with a legal argument upon charitable uses and the wisdom of leaving the whole subject to the Legislature, and was most decidedly supported by the Convention.

This debate seemed to have given the Convention a taste of blood; so when the Report of the Committee upon Education appeared another onset was made. The Committee proposed to recognize in the Constitution the Land Scrip and Cornell University Funds, and to create a State Board of Education to do the duties which are now divided between the Board of Regents and the Superintendent of Education. The first proposition was so evidently proper that it was adopted after very little debate. But the second led to a very animated discussion during two days. Mr. Hale, of Essex; Mr. Alvord, of Onondaga; Judge Parker, of Albany; Judge Verplanck, of Erie, and Judge Comstock, of Onondaga, were the chief opponents of the proposition, which was supported mainly by Mr. Gould, of Columbia, and the Chairman of the Committee. Finally the test question was raised upon an amendment of Judge Comstock's, virtually continuing the present system, for which the Chairman offered a substitute, in which the proposition of the section reported was made more precise. The division defeated the Committee by a small majority in a house which was not a quorum; but the question of quorum was not raised, and the defeat was accepted. The Convention then trampled the whole article under foot, excepting the first section. It even refused to guarantee the freedom of the common schools in the fundamental law; but on a subsequent day the Chairman of the Committee on Education moved that the Committee on Revision be instructed to report the guarantee.

As we write the Convention is engaged upon the article providing for the government of cities. It is not possible to foretell the decision, but our decided impression is that the Convention will not advise the people of the State to relinquish the right of necessary control in the city of New York. Judge Verplanck, of Erie, one of the leading Democrats in the Convention, declared that he thought the Constitution so far as completed the best State Constitution ever made; but he said that unless the government of the great cities, including the police and the health management and all other subjects, was left wholly to themselves, he was very sure that this best of Constitutions would be fatally injured and justly rejected. To us, on the contrary, it seems clear, both from reason and experience, that such a course would be, under the circumstances, a criminal renunciation of their unquestionable authority by the people of New York.

It is generally understood that the action of the Democratic party upon the Constitution will depend very much upon the decision of this question. If the subject is left as it stands at present, or if the Constitution expressly assert a system of State care of the police and health, the party will oppose it; if the power of control is expressly renounced, the party may support the Constitution. But whatever be the fate of the labor of the Convention a faithful story of its deliberations will not shame those who have diligently devoted themselves to the duty which was imposed upon them.

MOTLEY'S NEW VOLUMES.

The third and fourth volumes of Mr. Motley's History of the United Netherlands, finishing the work, are just published by the Harpers. They are wholly worthy of the author, and the interest of the narration is fascinating to the very end. That end is the truce between the States-General, the Arch-Duke, and the King of Spain in 1609, which, after forty years of the most memorable heroism upon the part of the Dutch, virtually established the Republic. These two volumes are therefore the end of the historian's present undertaking. But he is already at work upon the natural sequel of the story here told, the Thirty Years' War, ending with the peace of Westphalia.

We are more than ever impressed in these volumes by the singular fitness of the historian for the particular task he has chosen. Mr. Motley comes to his work not as a scholar merely, nor as a historian in the sense of mere annalist, but as a man of individual convictions and as a citizen with a full share of social and political responsibility. History, in his judgment, is not a more or less imposing and brilliant romance, but a part of our own life and full of the most valuable experience. He, therefore, does not affect a judicial impartiality, except as to facts. For the rest he judges the times and persons of his narrative as he would his contemporaries, making the due allowance for the difference of epochs. Upon the great questions involved in the struggle of the Netherlands, the historian's convictions are so clear, his sympathies so fresh, and his interest so vital, that he has, as he ought to have, the warmth of an actual actor in the events he describes. And so, substantially, he is. The same relentless and cruel hostility to liberty of thought that sustained the devilish war of Philip II. upon the Netherlands, the same feeling of caste which caused the Kings of England, France, and Spain to hate the very name of Republic and a government of burghers; under changed forms are the substance of our struggles to-day, the struggles which Mr. Motley has seen both in Europe and at home.

The men and events treated in these volumes are of the highest interest. Philip II. of Spain, Elizabeth of England, Henry IV. of France, Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, Maurice of Nassau, John of Olden-Barneveld, James I. of England, with the Marquis of Spinola and a crowd of lesser actors, are constantly conspicuous upon the page. Then we have the brilliant opening campaign of Maurice against Alexander Farnese, and the contests between Farnese and Henry of Navarre, with the latter's finally successful operations; the battle of Ivry, and the pompous farce of Henry's conversion; with the siege of Ostend and the battle of Nieuport; Heemskerk's great naval victory in the Bay of Gibraltar; the difference between Maurice and Barneveld; the petulance of Elizabeth; the rise of the Dutch East India trade; the arctic explorations; and the many and long negotiations leading at last to peace.

Philip II. died in 1600, and his character is elaborately analyzed by the historian. The whole history is indeed the record of his crimes; but the summary of his life is one of the most tremendous of historical judgments in its severity and force. Philip was the fearful illustration of what the logic of the Romish Church will make of a sincere zealot who is also a monarch of vast power. Philip was the scourge of civilization. The misery which he caused is indescribable, and his sole excuse for it was that other men did not think as he did upon religious subjects.

The Netherlands stood against him with a zeal as unswerving as his own. The brave, gay, frivolous, and false Henry of Navarre, the "Huguenot," as he was called, would have extinguished the hope of mankind with a smile, and had the Netherlands been overcome England would have fallen. The heroic devotion of the Dutch, their tough tenacity, their indomitable industry and enterprise by which, during so constant and engrossing a war, they rose into the first commercial and, for their numbers, the first military power of the age, are well worth our most thoughtful study. Sometimes during the war the citizens taxed themselves fifty per cent. of their individual incomes, and so doubled the public exchequer; and there were years when one man out of three of the whole male population was ready to be mustered into the field. There was hardly a Netherlander, man, woman, or child, who could not read and write; and the schools were a public charge. Nothing but such a people could have exhausted and foiled the fanaticism of such a king as Philip.

Mr. Motley exposes, without equivocation, the whole system of treachery and swindling called statecraft and diplomacy under which a King or a Pope, or any agent of theirs, would lie and cheat in a manner which, in a game of cards, would cause him to be kicked out of the company. Diplomacy was not an encounter of wits, it was merely a bout of lying; and whoever succeeded best in making his lies be-lieved was the ablest diplomatist.

The Netherlands were the cradle of modern Liberty; and no man less an intelligent lover of liberty than Mr. Motley could have told their heroic story with such perfect appreciation, such sympathy and power.

THE HYGIENE OF GYMNASTICS.

When Mr. Horace Greeley announced that, if appointed umpire in a base-ball match, he would certainly give the "champion ball" to the "nine" who lost the game, as their defective playing at outdoor sports was in some measure proof that they were good husbands and brothers and sons, with a commendable love of home and home-pleasures, he preached a very good and effective sermon against an evil into which a great many young men of America are running at present with headlong speed and injudicious zeal. In gymnastics and calisthenics, as in many other things, the young men and women of this country have of late years committed a great many excesses; and they need to be warned of the dangers to health and beauty which they are thereby unwittingly encountering. The development of a taste for manly exercises designed to promote health and strength, and beauty and grace of person, has undoubtedly conduced to a diminution of certain bad habits, and has been productive of temperance in diet and drink; but there is danger, and very great danger too, that we shall run into the other extreme, and get something too much of gymnastics. There is now existing an undue interest, not only to witness, but to perform, feats of strength and agility, which are attractive merely because difficult and dangerous. We know of one gymnastic-school in this city which possessed the "Pfau mania" to such a degree that really healthful exercises were abandoned while the scholars risked their necks in attempting to transform themselves into Russian acrobats, and fly through the air on trapezes swung at a dangerous height, but not necessarily more difficult to catch or control on that account. In fact, the young gymnasts of the whole country, including pedestrians, yachtsmen, Turners, base-ball players, cricketers, and even our fair friends, the lovers of croquet, seem to be bent on becoming "professionals."

It is all well enough to admire the wonderful nerve that must be present in the man who walks a rope over the great cataract, and the energy and endurance necessary to walk a hundred miles in a day, or turn innumerable somersaults. These are, however, not true gymnastics; they are the amusement of an hour, or the labors of a gamester, and tend to no advantage, mental or physical. Gymnastics and calisthenics should be taken, like medicines, "for their own sakes." The purpose of the first is to develop and regulate the strength of the body; the other to promote grace in the movement of the person; and it is a matter of great interest to know how and when to take each, and how much of each to take. Physical education is undoubtedly of the greatest value to mankind, not only as far as its own direct influence is concerned on the health and natural existence, but as an adjunct to mental advancement and culture. But physical exercise should be so regulated that the *physique* may be uniformly advanced and strengthened, at the same time so apportioned that exhaustion and fatigue may not occur. Really sound physiological training would embrace both these points; but of late we have not been physiologically "sound," and the sooner we come to reason the better. It may be interesting to those amateur gymnasts who are ambitious to excel in these hurtful "theatrical gymnastics" which are practiced by such athletes as Blondin, Pfau, and others, that pantomimists and acrobats are short-lived people, and although, doubtless, other extravagances and temptations assist in thus producing an evil result, it is not to be denied that over-exertion and the want of sufficient knowledge as to the relation between food of a certain character and quantity, and exertion of a severe kind, has, in many instances, laid the foundation of disease, and been the primary cause of an early dissolution. If, then, we would obtain advantage from exertion, the individual requirements of food and support need particular attention. Perhaps in no way have the old rules of diet been so erroneous as in those which limit the supply of fluid. We speak now as to *quantity*, and not as to quality. A certain waste must occur during excessive exertion, and unless that be supplied from *without*, the fluids of the body are interfered with, producing, doubtless, a reduction in weight, but, at the same time, thickening the blood, wasting the muscle which is dependent to a great extent upon fluid for its function, and deranging the entire organization. Again, as all exertion increases respiration, it becomes an important matter to supply a proper amount of fresh air. For this reason it would certainly be better if all gymnastic exercises were taken in the open air, and the plan of building gymnasia is open to very serious and strong objections. Should, however, such an arrangement be necessary, the freest ventilation should be insisted on, and a particular freedom from dust enforced. One other matter, which may be considered a trivial one, and yet which is very influential for good or evil, is the clothing that is worn during the course of instruction. Loose flannel clothes are in every way suitable, and particularly is it necessary that ample space be afforded about the chest and shoulders. But most important of all is the matter of proper instruction; and no young man or woman should go through a course of physical exercise without a good guide or some such valuable and practical book as the volume by William Wood, lately published by Harper & Brothers, and which has already reached a second edition and become a standard authority on the subject of all sorts of Physical exercises.

LITERARY.

In "Stories of the Gorilla Country," published by the Harpers, Paul du Chaillu gives us young folks a most entertaining little book of African adventure, anecdote, and information. Monsieur Paul was an ardent if not a mighty hunter, and his haps and mishaps with elephants, leopards, boas, and gorillas are full of excitement. The author, whose first work was jealously assailed by certain critics in England, has lived to see the fidelity of his statements confirmed, and it is not as a romance, but as a story of actual experience, that this attractive volume appeals to the reader. It is written for young readers, and is copiously and strikingly illustrated. But every body will find it amusing and interesting.

ART SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK.

We give on the succeeding page a number of views in the several Schools of Design, or Art Schools, of this city, the most perfect, and indeed the only institutions of the kind in this country which approach completeness.

The Art Schools are intended not only for the thorough education of painters and sculptors, but the practical instruction of designers in all the various arts and manufactures which require designing and engraving in any of their branches. Many people have opposed these schools as of no practical value, and even to this day the proportion of the public who support and the youth who accept the advantages of these schools is but an insignificant fraction of the total population—not one in ten thousand. Perhaps this is because the schools are yet young and their practical value has not as yet been fully demonstrated in practical results or the development of many great designers. We are such a practical people in America that we occasionally fail to see the utility of many things which we are required to learn. But a few visits to either of the Art Schools of New York would demonstrate their great utility to the most skeptical of Gradgrinds in search of the hardest of facts.

No sensible person will fail to be interested in an evening visit to the drawing-classes of the Mechanics' Institute, at No. 472 Broadway. This is a school supported entirely by the Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, and is for the benefit and instruction of any and all mechanics' apprentices. It is free and open to all boys of this class; and at the present time numbers 450 pupils. First-class teachers are always in attendance, and as desirous of instructing as boys can be to learn. If the apprentice of a machinist enters the school he is put to work at first on the rudiments of mechanical and machine drawing, and gradually advanced until the most complicated engine is made plain to his understanding, and until his hand can copy correctly the design which has been set before him, or his mind originate a better. In the same way, if a window-shade-maker's apprentice enters this school he is instructed in drawing designs for those painted window-shades which form a not insignificant part of our industry. The large boy in the engraving on the right and lower corner of our page of illustrations is evidently the apprentice of a cabinet-maker, and has got beyond the first rudiments of designing. Eventually, when he shall have passed through the whole course of his study in this school at night and his master's shop during the day, he will be able not only to execute with tools, as most journeymen can, the beautiful scroll-work which ornaments most of the furniture of the day, but also to design new and original and perhaps more beautiful patterns. The apprentices of carpenters and builders are also taught all manner of architectural and mathematical drawing, not with the intention of making complete architects of them, but to give them such a knowledge of architecture as to enable them, as future master-carpenters and builders, to clearly comprehend the architect's plans of the buildings which they shall contract to erect. Mr. Henry H. Winans, who has been in charge of this school for eleven years, and who has done much to educate the young mechanics of this city, informs us that since the school was started, in 1856, several of his pupils have become designers in machine-work, fresco-painting, and cabinet-work, for large establishments, and that two have become architects. The practical results of the instruction in these schools, however, is to make more perfect mechanics of the apprentices.

The schools of the Cooper Institute are also free, and are sustained by the fund which established that noble institution. They are open alike to males and females, though different rooms are provided for the different sexes. Here designing of all sorts is taught, and here are graduated designers in all known branches of manufacture, including silver, brass and iron work, tapestry, jewelry, etc., etc. The same general course of instruction is maintained here as in the school of the Mechanics' Institute, but results, perhaps, in producing more professional designers than does the latter school.

The antique (or statuary) school of the National Academy of Design is the principal and highest art school in this country. It is not an elementary school as are the others; before a student can enter it he must have already mastered the rudiments of art and acquired such a proficiency in the use of pencil or crayon as to be able to make a drawing, whose excellence shall indicate to the school council the possession by the applicant of a certain degree of talent for art. This drawing must be of a plaster head, foot, face, or other portion of the human figure. The student, once admitted, has the privilege of the large rooms of the Academy, where are to be found copies in plaster of all the famous and beautiful statues of the Old World. These they are permitted to copy and study. The teachers are merely critics, and occasionally point out the errors of the students, and suggest how they may be remedied or avoided. To this school males and females are alike admitted. Attached to this is also the "Life School," to which only the more advanced male students in the statuary school are admitted, and in which drawings are made from living models.

THE NEW RECONSTRUCTION BILL.

The new Reconstruction bill, which originated with the House committee (and which proposes to deprive the President of all power to further oppose the Congressional scheme of reconstruction, and to devolve his present powers on General Grant, as the General-in-chief of the army), was passed by the House, after several days' debate, on January 21, by a vote of 124 yeas to 45 nays—enough to carry it over a veto by the President. The bill was promptly introduced, on January 22, in the Senate; but no action had been taken on it, though it was thoroughly debated, up to January 28.

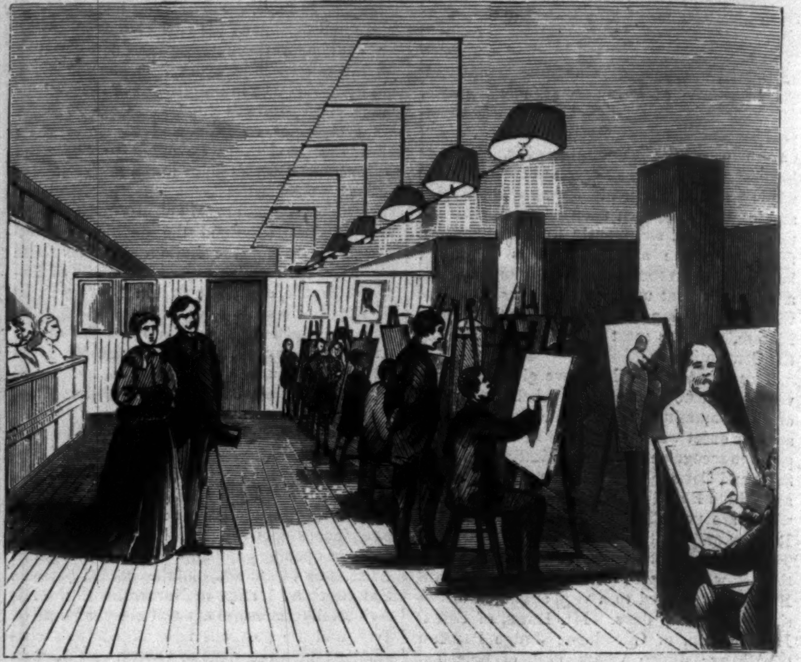
THE COTTON TAX.

The Senate on January 22 discharged its committee of conference on the Cotton Tax bill, and passed an amendment to the House bill suspending the tax for 1868, and fixing it at one cent per pound after this year.

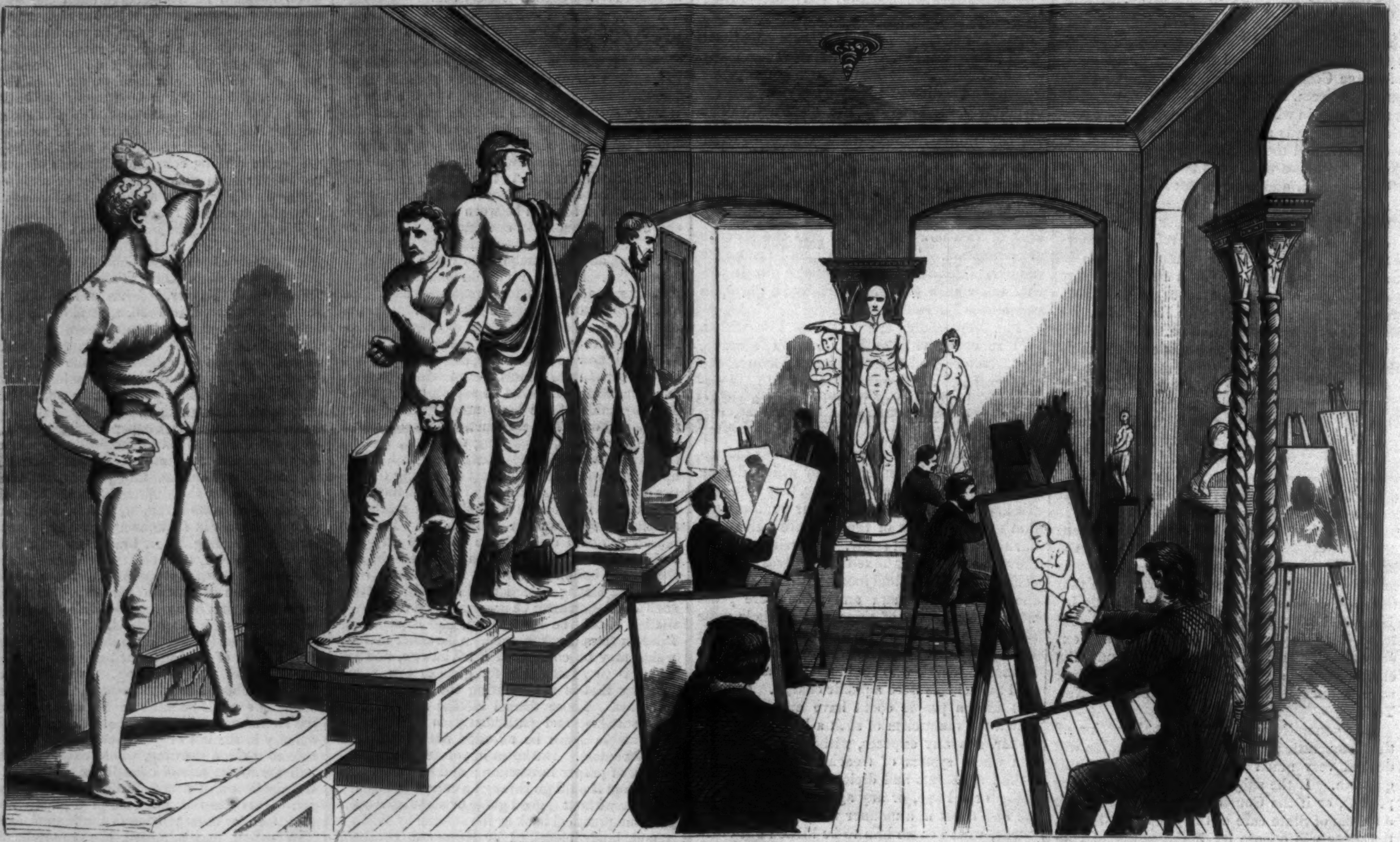
GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S DISCHARGE.

George Francis Train, whose arrest by the English authorities at Queenstown, charged with Fenianism, was noticed in our last, was discharged at Cork on January 20, and the officers at London deny that they authorized his arrest. He immediately began a suit against the British Crown for illegal arrest, fixing his damages at $500,000.

SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR FEMALES, COOPER INSTITUTE.



SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR MALES, COOPER INSTITUTE.



ANTIQUE SCHOOL, NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

DRAWING-CLASSES OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

ART SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 83.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER XI.

When the last of the guests had driven away I went back into the inner hall, and found Samuel at the side-table, presiding over the brandy and soda-water. My lady and Miss Rachel came out of the drawing-room, followed by the two gentlemen. Mr. Godfrey had some brandy and soda-water. Mr. Franklin took nothing. He sat down, looking dead tired; the talking on this birthday occasion had, I suppose, been too much for him.

My lady, turning round to wish them good-night, looked hard at the wicked Colonel's legacy shining in her daughter's dress.

"Rachel," she asked, "where are you going to put your Diamond to-night?"

Miss Rachel was in high good spirits, just in that humor for talking nonsense, and perversely persisting in it as if it was sense, which you may sometimes have observed in young girls when they are highly wrought up, at the end of an exciting day. First, she declared she didn't know where to put the Diamond. Then she said, "on her dressing-table, of course, along with her other things." Then she remembered that the Diamond might take to shining of itself, with its awful moony light, in the dark, and that would terrify her in the dead of night. Then she bethought herself of an Indian cabinet which stood in her sitting-room, and instantly made up her mind to put the Indian diamond in the Indian cabinet, for the purpose of permitting two beautiful native productions to admire each other. Having let her little flow of nonsense run on as far as that point, her mother interposed and stopped her.

"My dear! your Indian cabinet has no lock to it," says my lady.

"Good Heavens, mamma!" cries Miss Rachel, "is this an hotel? Are there thieves in the house?"

Without taking notice of this fantastic way of talking, my lady wished the gentlemen good-night. She next turned to Miss Rachel, and kissed her. "Why not let *me* keep the Diamond for you to-night?" she asked.

Miss Rachel received that proposal as she might, ten years since, have received a proposal to part her from a new doll. My lady saw there was no reasoning with her that night. "Come into my room, Rachel, the first thing to-morrow morning," she said. "I shall have something to say to you." With those last words she left us slowly; thinking her own thoughts, and, to all appearance, not best pleased with the way by which they were leading her.

Miss Rachel was the next to say good-night. She shook hands first with Mr. Godfrey, who was standing at the other end of the hall, looking at a picture. Then she turned back to Mr. Franklin, still sitting weary and silent in a corner.

What words passed between them I can't say. But standing near the old oak frame which holds our large looking-glass, I saw her, reflected in it, slyly slipping the locket which Mr. Franklin had given to her out of the bosom of her dress, and showing it to him for a moment, with a smile which certainly meant something out of the common, before she tripped off to bed. This incident staggered me a little in the reliance I had previously felt on my own judgment. I began to think that Penelope might be right about the state of her young lady's affections after all.

As soon as Miss Rachel left him eyes to see with, Mr. Franklin noticed me. His variable humor, shifting about every thing, had shifted about the Indians already.

"Betteredge," he said, "I'm half inclined to think I took Mr. Murthwaite too seriously when we had that talk in the shrubbery. I wonder whether he has been trying any of his traveler's tales on us? Do you really mean to let the dogs loose?"

"I'll relieve them of their collars, Sir," I answered, "and leave them free to take a turn in the night, if they smell a reason for it."

"All right," says Mr. Franklin. "We'll see what is to be done to-morrow. I am not at all disposed to alarm my aunt, Betteredge, without a very pressing reason for it. Good-night."

He looked so worn and pale as he nodded to me, and took his candle to go up stairs, that I ventured to advise his having a drop of brandy-and-water, by way of night-cap. Mr. Godfrey, walking toward us from the other end of the hall, backed me. He pressed Mr. Franklin, in the friendliest manner, to take something before he went to bed.

"I WENT TO THE CABINET. THE DRAWER WAS EMPTY."

"SHE WENT UP TO MR. FRANKLIN WITHOUT APPEARING TO NOTICE MR. GODFREY."

I only note these trifling circumstances, because, after all I had seen and heard that day, it pleased me to observe that our two gentlemen were on just as good terms as ever. Their warfare of words (heard by Penelope in the drawing-room), and their rivalry for the best place in Miss Rachel's good graces, seemed to have set no serious difference between them. But there! they were both good-tempered, and both men of the world. And there is certainly this merit in people of station, that they are not nearly so quarrelsome among each other as people of no station at all.

Mr. Franklin declined the brandy-and-water, and went up stairs with Mr. Godfrey, their rooms being next door to each other. On the landing, however, either his cousin persuaded him, or he veered about and changed his mind as usual. "Perhaps I may want it in the night," he called down to me. "Send up some brandy into my room."

I sent up Samuel with the brandy-and-water; and then went out and unbuckled the dogs' collars. They both lost their heads with astonishment on being set loose at that time of night, and jumped upon me like a couple of puppies! However, the rain soon cooled them down again: they lapped a drop of water each, and crept back into their kennels. As I went into the house I noticed signs in the sky which betokened a break in the weather for the better. For the present, it still poured heavily, and the ground was in a perfect sop.

Samuel and I went all over the house, and shut up as usual. I examined every thing myself, and trusted nothing to my deputy on this occasion. All was safe and fast when I rested my old bones in bed, between midnight and one in the morning.

The worries of the day had been a little too much for me, I suppose. At any rate, I had a touch of Mr. Franklin's malady that night. It was sunrise before I fell off at last into a sleep. All the time I lay awake the house was as quiet as the grave. Not a sound stirred but the splash of the rain, and the sighing of the wind among the trees as a breeze sprang up with the morning.

About half past seven I woke, and opened my window on a fine sunshiny day. The clock had struck eight, and I was just going out to chain up the dogs again, when I heard a sudden whisking of petticoats on the stairs behind me.

I turned about, and there was Penelope flying down after me like mad. "Father!" she screamed, "come up stairs, for God's sake! *The Diamond is gone!*"

"Are you out of your mind?" I asked her.

"Gone!" says Penelope. "Gone, nobody knows how! Come up and see."

She dragged me after her into her young lady's sitting-room, which opened into her bedroom. There, on the threshold of her bedroom door, stood Miss Rachel, almost as white in the face as the white dressing-gown that clothed her. There also stood the two doors of the Indian cabinet, wide open. One of the drawers inside was pulled out as far as it would go.

"Look!" says Penelope. "I myself saw Miss Rachel put the Diamond into that drawer last night."

I went to the cabinet. The drawer was empty.

"Is this true, miss?" I asked.

With a look that was not like herself, with a voice that was not like her own, Miss Rachel answered, as my daughter had answered:

"The Diamond is gone."

Having said those words she withdrew into her bedroom, and shut and locked the door.

Before we knew which way to turn next my lady came in, hearing my voice in her daughter's sitting-room, and wondering what had happened. The news of the loss of the Diamond seemed to petrify her. She went straight to Miss Rachel's bedroom and insisted on being admitted. Miss Rachel let her in.

The alarm, running through the house like fire, caught the two gentlemen next.

Mr. Godfrey was the first to come out of his room. All he did when he heard what had happened was to hold up his hands in a state of bewilderment, which didn't say much for his natural strength of mind. Mr. Franklin, whose clear head I had confidently counted on to advise us, seemed to be as helpless as his cousin when he heard the news in his turn. For a wonder, he had had a good night's rest at last; and the unaccustomed luxury of sleep had, as he said himself, apparently stupefied him. However, when he had swallowed his cup of coffee—which he always took, on the foreign plan, some hours before he ate any breakfast—his brains brightened; the clear-headed side of him turned up, and he took the matter in hand, resolutely and cleverly, much as follows:

He first sent for the servants, and told them to leave all the lower doors and windows (with the exception of the front door, which I had opened) exactly as they had been left when we locked up overnight. He next proposed to his cousin and me to make quite sure, before we took any further steps, that the Diamond had not accidentally dropped somewhere out of sight—say at the back of the cabinet, or down behind the table on which the cabinet stood. Having searched in both places, and found nothing—having also questioned Penelope, and discovered from her no more than the little she had already told me—Mr. Franklin suggested next extending our inquiries to Miss Rachel, and sent Penelope to knock at her bedroom door.

My lady answered the knock, and closed the door behind her. The moment after we heard it locked inside by Miss Rachel. My mistress came out among us, looking sorely puzzled and distressed. "The loss of the Diamond seems to have quite overwhelmed Rachel," she said, in reply to Mr. Franklin. "She shrinks, in the strangest manner, from speaking of it, even to *me*. It is impossible you can see her for the present."

Having added to our perplexities by this account of Miss Rachel, my lady, after a little effort, recovered her usual composure, and acted with her usual decision.

"I suppose there is no help for it?" she said, quietly. "I suppose I have no alternative but to send for the police?"

"And the first thing for the police to do," added Mr. Franklin, catching her up, "is to lay hands on the Indian jugglers who performed here last night."

My lady and Mr. Godfrey (not knowing what Mr. Franklin and I knew) both started, and both looked surprised.

"I can't stop to explain myself now," Mr. Franklin went on. "I can only tell you that

the Indians have certainly stolen the Diamond. Give me a letter of introduction," says he, addressing my lady, "to one of the magistrates at Frizinghall—merely telling him that I represent your interests and wishes, and let me ride off with it instantly. Our chance of catching the thieves may depend on our not wasting one unnecessary minute." (*Nota bene:* Whether it was the French side or the English, the right side of Mr. Franklin seemed to be uppermost now. The only question was, How long would it last?)

He put pen, ink, and paper before his aunt, who (as it appeared to me) wrote the letter he wanted a little unwillingly. If it had been possible to overlook such an event as the loss of a jewel worth twenty thousand pounds, I believe—with my lady's opinion of her late brother, and her distrust of his birthday-gift—it would have been privately a relief to her to let the thieves get of with the Moonstone scot-free.

I went out with Mr. Franklin to the stables, and took the opportunity of asking him how the Indians (whom I suspected, of course, as shrewdly as he did) could possibly have got into the house.

"One of them might have slipped into the hall, in the confusion, when the dinner-company were going away," says Mr. Franklin. "The fellow may have been under the sofa while my aunt and Rachel were talking about where the Diamond was to be put for the night. He would only have to wait till the house was quiet, and there it would be in the cabinet, to be had for the taking." With those words he called to the groom to open the gate, and galloped off.

This seemed certainly to be the only rational explanation. But how had the thief contrived to make his escape from the house? I had found the front door locked and bolted, as I had left it at night, when I went to open it, after getting up. As for the other doors and windows, there they were still, all safe and fast, to speak for themselves. The dogs, too? Suppose the thief had got away by dropping from one of the upper windows, how had he escaped the dogs? Had he come provided for them with drugged meat? As the doubt crossed my mind, the dogs themselves came galloping at me round a corner, rolling each other over on the wet grass, in such lively health and spirits that it was with no small difficulty I brought them to reason, and chained them up again. The more I turned it over in my mind, the less satisfactory Mr. Franklin's explanation appeared to be.

We had our breakfasts—whatever happens in a house, robbery or murder, it doesn't matter, you must have your breakfast. When we had done, my lady sent for me; and I found myself compelled to tell her all that I had hitherto concealed, relating to the Indians and their plot. Being a woman of high courage, she soon got over the first startling effect of what I had to communicate. Her mind seemed to be far more perturbed about her daughter than about the heathen rogues and their conspiracy. "You know how odd Rachel is, and how differently she behaves sometimes from other girls," my lady said to me. "But I have never, in all my experience, seen her so strange and so reserved as she is now. The loss of her jewel seems almost to have turned her brain. Who would have thought that horrible Diamond could have laid such a hold on her in so short a time?"

It was certainly strange. Taking toys and trinkets in general, Miss Rachel was nothing like so mad after them as most young girls. Yet there she was, still locked up inconsolably in her bedroom. It is but fair to add that she was not the only one of us in the house who was thrown out of the regular groove. Mr. Godfrey for instance—though professionally a sort of consoler-general—seemed to be at a loss where to look for his own resources. Having no company to amuse him, and getting no chance of trying what his experience of women in distress could do toward comforting Miss Rachel, he wandered hither and thither about the house and garden in an aimless uneasy way. He was in two different minds about what it became him to do, after the misfortune that had happened to us. Ought he to relieve the family, in their present situation, of the responsibility of him as a guest? or ought he to stay on the chance that even his humble services might be of some use? He decided ultimately that the last course was perhaps the most customary and considerate course to take, in such a very peculiar case of family distress as this was. Circumstances try the metal a man is really made of. Mr. Godfrey, tried by circumstances, showed himself of weaker metal than I had thought him to be. As for the women servants—excepting Rosanna Spearman, who kept by herself—they took to whispering together in corners, and staring at nothing suspiciously, as is the manner of that weaker half of the human family, when any thing extraordinary happens in a house. I myself acknowledged to having been fidgety and ill-tempered. The cursed Moonstone had turned us all upside down.

A little before eleven Mr. Franklin came back. The resolute side of him had, to all appearance, given way, in the interval since his departure, under the stress that had been laid on it. He had left us at a gallop; he came back to us at a walk. When he went away he was made of iron. When he returned, he was stuffed with cotton, as limp as limp could be.

"Well!" says my lady, "are the police coming?"

"Yes," says Mr. Franklin; "they said they would follow me in a fly. Superintendent Seegrave, of your local police force, and two of his men. A mere form! The case is hopeless."

"What! have the Indians escaped, Sir?" I asked.

"The poor ill-used Indians have been most unjustly put in prison," says Mr. Franklin. "They are as innocent as the babe unborn. My idea that one of them was hidden in the house has ended, like all the rest of my ideas, in smoke. It's been proved," says Mr. Franklin, dwelling with great relish on his own incapacity, "to be simply impossible."

After astonishing us by announcing this totally new turn in the matter of the Moonstone our young gentleman, at his aunt's request, took a seat, and explained himself.

It appeared that the resolute side of him had held out as far as Frizinghall. He had put the whole case plainly before the magistrate, and the magistrate had at once sent for the police. The first inquiries instituted about the Indians showed that they had not so much as attempted to leave the town. Further questions addressed to the police proved that all three had been seen returning to Frizinghall with their boy, on the previous night between ten and eleven—which (regard being had to hours and distances) also proved that they had walked straight back after performing on our terrace. Later still, at midnight, the police having occasion to search the common lodging-house where they lived, had seen them all three again, and their little boy with them as usual. Soon after midnight I myself had safely shut up the house. Plainer evidence than this, in favor of the Indians, there could not well be. The magistrate said there was not even a case of suspicion against them, so far. But, as it was just possible, when the police came to investigate the matter, that discoveries affecting the jugglers might be made, he would contrive, by committing them as rogues and vagabonds, to keep them at our disposal, under lock and key, for a week. They had ignorantly done something (I forget what) in the town, which barely brought them within the operation of the law. Every human institution (Justice included) will stretch a little, if you only pull it the right way. The worthy magistrate was an old friend of my lady's—and the Indian lot were "committed" for a week, as soon as the court opened that morning.

Such was Mr. Franklin's narrative of events at Frizinghall. The Indian clew to the mystery of the lost jewel was now, to all appearance, a clew that had broken in our hands. If the jugglers were innocent, who, in the name of wonder, had taken the Moonstone out of Miss Rachel's drawer?

Ten minutes later, to our infinite relief, Superintendent Seegrave arrived at the house. He reported passing Mr. Franklin on the terrace, sitting in the sun (I suppose with the Italian side of him uppermost); and warning the police, as they went by, that the investigation was hopeless before the investigation had begun.

For a family in our situation, the Superintendent of the Frizinghall police was the most comforting officer you could wish to see. Mr. Seegrave was tall and portly, and military in his manners. He had a fine commanding voice, and a mighty resolute eye, and a grand frock-coat which buttoned beautifully up to his leather stock. "I'm the man you want!" was written all over his face; and he ordered his two inferior policemen about with a severity which convinced us all that there was no trifling with *him*.

He began by going round the premises, outside and in; the result of that investigation proving to him that no thieves had broken in upon us from outside, and that the robbery, consequently, must have been committed by some person in the house. I leave you to imagine the state the servants were in when this official announcement first reached their ears. The Superintendent decided to begin by examining the boudoir; and, that done, to examine the servants next. At the same time he posted one of his men on the staircase which led to the servants' bedrooms, with instructions to let nobody in the house pass him till further orders.

At this latter proceeding the weaker half of the human family went distracted on the spot. They bounced out of their corners; whisked up stairs in a body to Miss Rachel's room (Rosanna Spearman being carried away among them this time); burst in on Superintendent Seegrave; and all looking equally guilty, summoned him to say which of them he suspected, at once.

Mr. Superintendent proved equal to the occasion—he looked at them with his resolute eye, and he cowed them with his military voice. "Now, then, you women, go down stairs again, every one of you. I won't have you here. Look!" says Mr. Superintendent, suddenly pointing to a little smear of the decorative painting on Miss Rachel's door—at the outer edge, just under the lock. "Look what mischief the petticoats of some of you have done already. Clear out! clear out!" Rosanna Spearman, who was nearest to him, and nearest to the little smear on the door, set the example of obedience, and slipped off instantly to her work. The rest followed her out. The Superintendent finished his examination of the room; and, making nothing of it, asked me who had first discovered the robbery. My daughter had first discovered it. My daughter was sent for.

Mr. Superintendent proved to be a little too sharp with Penelope at starting. "Now, young woman, attend to me—and mind you speak the truth." Penelope fired up instantly. "I've never been taught to tell lies, Mr. Policeman!—and if father can stand there and hear me accused of falsehood and thieving, and my own bedroom shut against me, and my character taken away, which is all a poor girl has left, he's not the good father I take him for!" A timely word from me put Justice and Penelope on a pleasanter footing together. The questions and answers went swimmingly; and ended in nothing worth mentioning. My daughter had seen Miss Rachel put the Diamond in the drawer of the cabinet, the last thing at night. She had gone in with Miss Rachel's cup of tea, at eight the next morning, and had found the drawer open and empty. Upon that she had alarmed the house—and there was an end of Penelope's evidence.

Mr. Superintendent next asked to see Miss Rachel herself. Penelope mentioned his request through the door. The answer reached us by the same road: "I have nothing to tell the policeman—I can't see any body." Our experienced officer looked equally surprised and offended when he heard that reply. I told him my young lady was ill, and begged him to wait a little and see her later. We thereupon went down stairs again; and were met by Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Franklin crossing the hall.

The two gentlemen, being inmates of the house, were summoned to say if they could throw any light on the matter. Neither of them knew any thing about it. Had they heard any suspicious noises during the previous night? They had heard nothing but the pattering of the rain. Had I, lying awake longer than either of them, heard nothing either? Nothing! Released from examination, Mr. Franklin (still sticking to the helpless view of our difficulty) whispered to me: "That man will be of no earthly use to us. Superintendent Seegrave is an ass." Released in his turn, Mr. Godfrey whispered to me: "Evidently a most competent person. Betteredge, I have the greatest faith in him!" Many men, many opinions, as one of the ancients said, before my time.

Mr. Superintendent's next proceeding took him back to the "boudoir" again, with my daughter and me at his heels. His object was to discover whether any of the furniture had been moved during the night out of its customary place—his previous investigation in the room having, apparently, not gone quite far enough to satisfy his mind on this point.

While we were still poking about among the chairs and tables the door of the bedroom was suddenly opened. After having denied herself to every body, Miss Rachel, to our astonishment, walked into the midst of us of her own accord. She took up her garden hat from a chair and then went straight to Penelope with this question:

"Mr. Franklin Blake sent you with a message to me this morning?"

"Yes, miss."

"He wished to speak to me, didn't he?"

"Yes, miss."

"Where is he now?"

Hearing voices on the terrace below I looked out of window, and saw the two gentlemen walking up and down together. Answering for my daughter, I said, "Mr. Franklin is on the terrace, miss."

Without another word, without heeding Mr. Superintendent, who tried to speak to her, pale as death, and wrapped up strangely in her own thoughts, she left the room, and went down to her cousins on the terrace.

It showed a want of due respect, it showed a breach of good manners, on my part; but, for the life of me I couldn't help looking out of window when Miss Rachel met the gentlemen outside. She went up to Mr. Franklin without appearing to notice Mr. Godfrey, who thereupon drew back and left them by themselves. What she said to Mr. Franklin appeared to be spoken vehemently. It lasted but for a short time; and (judging by what I saw of his face from the window) seemed to astonish him beyond all power of expression. While they were still together my lady appeared on the terrace. Miss Rachel saw her—said a few last words to Mr. Franklin—and suddenly went back into the house again, before her mother came up with her. My lady, surprised herself, and noticing Mr. Franklin's surprise, spoke to him. Mr. Godfrey joined them, and spoke also. Mr. Franklin walked away a little, between the two, telling them what had happened, I suppose; for they both stopped short, after taking a few steps, like persons struck with amazement. I had just seen as much as this when the door of the sitting-room was opened violently. Miss Rachel walked swiftly through to her bedroom, wild and angry, with fierce eyes and flaming cheeks. Mr. Superintendent once more attempted to question her. She turned round on him at her bedroom door. "*I* have not sent for you!" she cried out, vehemently. "*I* don't want you. My Diamond is lost. Neither you nor any body will ever find it!" With those words she went in, and locked the door in our faces. Penelope, standing nearest to it, heard her burst out crying the moment she was alone again.

In a rage one moment, in tears the next! What did it mean?

I told the Superintendent it meant that Miss Rachel's temper was upset by the loss of her jewel. Being anxious for the honor of the family, it distressed me to see my young lady forget herself—even with a police-officer—and I made the best excuse I could, accordingly. In my own private mind I was more puzzled by Miss Rachel's extraordinary language and conduct than words can tell. Taking what she had said at her bedroom door as a guide to guess by, I could only conclude that she was mortally offended by our sending for the police, and that Mr. Franklin's astonishment on the terrace was caused by her having expressed herself to him (as the person chiefly instrumental in fetching the police) to that effect. If this guess was right, why—having lost her Diamond—should she object to the presence in the house of the very people whose business it was to recover it for her? And how, in Heaven's name, could *she* know that the Moonstone would never be found again?

As things stood at present no answer to those questions was to be hoped for from any body in the house. Mr. Franklin appeared to think it a point of honor to forbear repeating to a servant—even to so old a servant as I was—what Miss Rachel had said to him on the terrace. Mr. Godfrey, who, as a gentleman and a relative, had been probably admitted into Mr. Franklin's confidence, respected that confidence as he was bound to do. My lady, who was also in the secret no doubt, and who alone had access to Miss Rachel, owned openly that she could make nothing of her. "You madden me when you talk of the Diamond!" All her mother's influence failed to extract from her a word more than that.

Here we were, then, at a dead lock about Miss Rachel—and at a dead lock about the Moonstone. In the first case, my lady was powerless to help us. In the second (as you shall presently judge), Mr. Seegrave was fast approaching the condition of a superintendent at his wit's end.

Having ferreted about all over the "boudoir," without making any discoveries among the furniture, our experienced officer applied to me to know, whether the servants in general were or were not acquainted with the place in which the Diamond had been put for the night.

"I knew where it was put, Sir," I said, "to begin with. Samuel the footman, knew also—for he was present in the hall when they were talking about where the Diamond was to be kept that night. My daughter knew, as she has already told you. She or Samuel may have mentioned the thing to the other servants—or the other servants may have heard the talk for themselves, through the side-door of the hall, which might have been open to the back staircase. For all I can tell every body in the house may have known where the jewel was last night."

My answer presenting rather a wide field for Mr. Superintendent's suspicions to range over, he tried to narrow it by asking about the servants' characters next.

I thought directly of Rosanna Spearman. But it was neither my place nor my wish to direct suspicion against a poor girl whose honesty had been above all doubt as long as I had known her. The matron at the Reformatory had reported her to my lady as a sincerely penitent and thoroughly trustworthy girl. It was the Superintendent's business to discover reason for suspecting her first—and then, and not till then, it would be my duty to tell him how she came into my lady's service. "All our people have excellent characters," I said. "And all have deserved the trust their mistress has placed in them." After that there was but one thing left for Mr. Seegrave to do—namely, to set to work and tackle the servants' characters himself.

One after another they were examined. One after another they proved to have nothing to say—and said it (so far as the women were concerned) at great length, and with a very angry sense of the embargo laid on their bedrooms. The rest of them being sent back to their places down stairs, Penelope was then summoned, and examined separately a second time.

My daughter's little outbreak of temper in the "boudoir," and her readiness to think herself suspected, appeared to have produced an unfavorable impression on Superintendent Seegrave. It seemed also to dwell a little on his mind that she had been the last person who saw the Diamond at night. When the second questioning was over my girl came back to me in a frenzy. There was no doubt of it any longer—the police-officer had almost as good as told her she was the thief! I could scarcely believe him (taking Mr. Franklin's view) to be quite such an ass as that. But, though he said nothing, the eye with which he looked at my daughter was not a pleasant eye to see. I laughed it off with poor Penelope, as something too ridiculous to be treated seriously—which it certainly was. Secretly, I am afraid I was foolish enough to be angry too. It was a little trying—it was indeed. My girl sat down in a corner with her apron over her head, quite broken-hearted. Foolish of her, you will say: she might have waited till he openly accused her. Well, being a man of just and equal temper, I admit that. Still Mr. Superintendent might have remembered—never mind what he might have remembered. The devil take him!

The next and last step in the investigation brought matters, as they say, to a crisis. The officer had an interview (at which I was present) with my lady. After informing her that the Diamond *must* have been taken by somebody in the house he requested permission for himself and his men to search the servants' rooms and boxes on the spot. My good mistress, like the generous, high-bred woman she was, refused to let us be treated like thieves. "I will never consent to make such a return as that," she said "for all I owe to the faithful servants who are employed in my house."

Mr. Superintendent made his bow, with a look in my direction, which said plainly, "Why employ me if you are to tie my hands in this way?" As head of the servants, I felt directly that we were bound, in justice to all parties, not to profit by our mistress's generosity. "We gratefully thank your ladyship," I said; "but we ask permission to do what is right in this matter by giving up our keys. When Gabriel Betteredge sets the example," says I, stopping Superintendent Seegrave at the door, "the rest of the servants will follow, I promise you. There are my keys, to begin with!" My lady took me by the hand, and thanked me with the tears in her eyes. Lord! what would I not have given, at that moment, for the privilege of knocking Superintendent Seegrave down!

As I had promised for them, the other servants followed my lead, sorely against the grain, of course, but all taking the view that I took. The women were a sight to see, while the police-officers were rummaging among their things. The cook looked as if she could grill Mr. Superintendent alive on a furnace, and the other women looked as if they could eat him when he was done.

The search over, and no Diamond or sign of a Diamond being found, of course, any where, Superintendent Seegrave retired to my little room to consider with himself what he was to do next. He and his men had now been hours in the house,

and had not advanced us one inch toward a discovery of how the Moonstone had been taken, or of whom we were to suspect as the thief.

While the police-officer was still pondering in solitude, I was sent for to see Mr. Franklin in the library. To my unutterable astonishment, just as my hand was on the door it was suddenly opened from the inside, and out walked Rosanna Spearman!

RIGHT.

Low to myself I said the word;
With deeper thrill through voice and will
It rang as with a shout!
Such power was in it to be heard.
And from that hour my soul grew still,
And put away its doubt.

A battle-cry is in that word;
A force to wield on deadliest field,
Which he who grasps shall feel
As if his hand had drawn a sword,
And triumph were forestalled and sealed
With the first battle-peal!

A royal word! a conquering word!
Which none could speak with lips so weak
But straight they should grow strong;
As if, unknowing, they had heard
The mighty host of victors speak,
And echoed the new song!

The grand word! the eternal word!
Given us whereby to glorify
This daily work and care.
Building our temples to the Lord
After the heavenly house on high
Where the city lies four-square.

And straight and perfect lives do grow—
Whose image is in form of His—
From heavenly height to height.
So let the Will be done below!
Oh, Duty, it needs only this,
And thou art named Delight.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE FLESH.

THE vagaries the flesh puts on are quite as wonderful as those exhibited by the mind. We think nothing of any unaccountable antipathy a man may express mentally. Half of us, indeed, act from sudden impulse, like or dislike. We can not give a reason for it even to ourselves; but we are indeed puzzled to find the body as well as the mind influenced by other bodies in the most remarkable manner, often without our being aware of the offending object's presence. We allude to the extraordinary susceptibility some persons' physical structures have to the presence of other bodies, either animate or inanimate. Thus, the mere vicinity of certain animals is quite sufficient to excite in the most violent manner the nervous system of some individuals. The presence of a cat in the room has been known to affect certain persons as though they were about to be seized with a fit: and such persons, again, are equally disturbed by the proximity of rabbits. The effect of touching the fur of the rabbit or that of the cat is still more distressing to the individuals thus eccentrically constituted. The direct contact of certain articles of food with the stomach affects some individuals in the most remarkable manner. Some persons can not eat a lobster salad without its having a very curious effect upon their complexion. We know a lady who once indulged at supper-time in a salad of this kind, and upon her return to the ball-room her face and neck immediately became covered with spots, obliging her to retire. Cockles and shrimps have the like effect upon persons thus peculiarly constituted. A medical friend tells us that eating veal gives a lady of his acquaintance the nettle-rash, and that orange-peel has produced great nervous excitement. Figs, again, give rise in some people to what is termed "formication," or a sensation like the tickling movement of ants upon the palate. The most extraordinary example of the adverse influence of a common article of food upon the human stomach is related by a surgeon of one of our public hospitals. He says that a patient of his can not touch rice without the most extreme discomfort. "On one occasion, when at a dinner-party, he felt the symptoms of rice-poisoning come on, and was, as usual, obliged to retire from the table, although he had not partaken of any dish ostensibly containing rice. It appeared, on investigation, that some white soup, with which he had commenced his dinner, had been thickened with ground rice." In another case, similar symptoms having come on after a gentleman had partaken of bottled beer, this apparently extraordinary fact was explained by the presence in the bottle of a few grains of rice, which had been placed there to excite a secondary fermentation. But what is this to the perverse stomach of a gentleman in a case cited by Doctor Prout, who was poisoned by eating a mutton-chop? The most digestible of all flesh to the ordinary mortal was to him positively as poisonous as though he had eaten toad-stools. It was at first imagined by his physician that his dislike to this kind of food arose from mere fancy, and in order to test him, mutton, disguised, was served to him as other flesh meat, but always with the same result—violent vomiting and diarrhea. Indeed, the effect upon him was so great, that had he been kept upon a mutton diet Doctor Prout believed he would have died.

Some persons can not touch honey without the very alarming symptoms appearing of swelling of the tongue, frothing of the mouth, and blueness of the fingers. Mustard applied to some eccentric skins will produce violent twitchings of the muscles of the face, arms, and legs.

Many persons we know can not remain in a room where there is a cheese; and we are told of an eccentric constitution that could not sit at a table where there was a cooked hare. Eggs, again, rebel in the most violent manner against some stomachs. The sense of touch, too, is very eccentric in some individuals, and the handling of a russet apple is intolerable to a gentleman we have heard of; and the mere passing of the hand along the bristles of a brush produces the most exquisite nervous distress in a lady of our acquaintance.

The emanations arising from vegetable sources have a very marked effect upon some people. Indeed, there is a disease known as the hay asthma, which, at the hay harvest, periodically affects many persons who reside any where near hay-fields when they are being mowed. The reason is well known. Floating particles of the seed are always set free at such times, and, striking against the mucous membranes of the nose, mouth, and throat of the individuals liable to this affection, produce spasmodic action of the throat, which is not only very distressing but dangerous. Ipecacuanha, again, is most obnoxious to many individuals, producing vomiting and diarrhea. The mere removing of a stopper from a bottle containing this drug will produce in some persons an instantaneous effect, although far removed from the object itself. Persons thus affected by this emanation have been known to be seized with spasms in consequence, although removed by a couple of floors from the cause.

The ordinary spasmodic asthma arises from causes just as local. It often happens that patients so afflicted can not pass certain limits without bringing on a spasm. The distance of a length of a street will often give a man perfect exemption from his dire trouble, or precipitate him into it. As a rule, persons who are liable to seizure in the pure atmosphere of the country obtain great relief by a residence in towns; often, too, in the most disagreeable, and, to persons in health, most unhealthy portions of them. In this distressing complaint it may truly be said that what is one man's meat is another man's poison.

THE BRONTË FAMILY.

THERE is very little that is new which can be told of that most interesting of English literary families, the Brontë girls; but an Englishman who lately spent "a winter day at Haworth," their former home and present burial-place, resurrected a son of the old sexton of the church over which the father of the family presided, and who stated that he knew every one of the Brontës well:

"No," he said, in reply to some of my questions about them, "they didn't visit much among the people in the village. They were fonder of taking long walks by themselves on the moors. Emily (Ellis Bell) was very reserved. Anne was the loveliest, Sir. Whenever they were baking at the parsonage she always took care to make me—I was a little lad, then, you know, Sir—an apple pasty; or, if she couldn't make me one, then she would give me a handful of raisins, or something of that sort."

"Did you know Branwell, the son?" said I. "Was he not very clever?"

"That he was, Sir! I'll give you an instance of it. I'll tell you what I've seen him do often and often. I have seen him take two quills, one in each hand, and write two letters at once on two different subjects, while some one kept talking to him. He wrote just as easily with the left hand as with the right. The way he first began to write with both hands, he told me, was this. One day he was at a railway-station, and he wanted very much to get two letters written before the train came up, and it occurred to him that he might as well write them both at once. He tried, and found he could do it quite well."

Mrs. Gaskell, in her "Life of Charlotte Brontë," has stated that one reason of Branwell Brontë's having so early contracted those habits of intoxication which blighted his career, was to be found in the fact that when a traveler for a commercial house came to stay at Haworth for the night, and complained of the dullness of the place, the host of the "Black Bull" would then send up to the parsonage, "with the traveler's compliments," and beg Mr. Branwell to come down to the inn and spend an hour or two there. The sexton, however, informed us that this statement was quite untrue. "Mrs. Gaskell," said he, "went too far there." The host of the "Black Bull" had never thus sent for Branwell; "for," as the sexton observed, grimly, "he (Branwell) never wanted no sending for, he went fast enough of himself."

"Did you know Mr. Nicholls, the curate, who married Charlotte Brontë?" asked my friend.

"Yes; I knew him well. A nice man he was. Quiet, you know, but very kind, and a real good hard-worker."

"How long was Mr. Nicholls at Haworth?"

"Why, altogether, he was here for about seventeen years. Ten years he was here afore he married Miss Brontë, and about seven years afterward. Four months after Mr. Brontë died he went away."

"Did he apply for the living after Mr. Brontë's death?" we asked.

"Yes; he did, Sir," answered the sexton; "but he didn't get it."

"But surely," said we, "having been curate here for seventeen years of his life, having known the Brontë family so long, and having married Charlotte Brontë, he was the most suitable person to have been appointed."

"Well, I don't know how it was, Sir," responded the sexton; "but all I know is, he sent in his application to the trustees, and hearing there was going to be some opposition to him, he withdrew it."

He showed us the communion-pew, in front of which Charlotte Brontë was married, and under which she now lies buried, almost on the very spot where her feet must have stood during the performance of the marriage rite. All the family, also, except Anne, are buried close beside her. The sexton then pointed out to us the Brontë pew, which is close before the altar, and especially showed us where she (Charlotte) used to sit.

"She was," he said, "very little, and had a foot-stool for her feet. Yes, the pew was in exactly the same state as when they sat in it. Ah, Sir," continued the sexton, "I once saw Thackeray and an American, who, they tell me, is a great man over there, called Emerson, and Miss Martineau, and Miss Brontë, all sitting in that pew, one Sunday. Thackeray and Emerson came to visit Miss Brontë for a day or two, that was how they all sat there on the Sunday."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

OUR newly acquired Alaska seems to be a sort of target to which are directed all the jokes of press and people. Every newspaper, almost, thrusts out one or two little stabs toward that northern territory. But thus far we have not heard of its rising in *hot* indignation to avenge these numerous insults. And so it is both interesting and amusing to cull from various sources, and compare bits of information—true and false doubtless—and to wonder what sort of a rusticating place Walrussia would be for next summer's vacation! After spending July and August in Sitka one would be prepared to decide what reports were true and what false.

The common impression is that Alaska is a very good country to emigrate from; but the idea that any human being can feel any affection for it is regarded as preposterous. Nevertheless it is said that many tears were shed in Sitka when the transfer was made to the United States. One said, "I can not be present at the death of the country;" and the accomplished wife of the Governor is reported to have been overwhelmed with grief.

The village of Sitka is described by one writing from the place as "consisting of as many as two dozen rough board dwellings, together with the warehouses of the old company. It is inclosed by a stockade, and lies very low, the tide at times rising into the streets." About two-fifths of the population are Russians, the remainder Indians. Some idea of the progress of civilization is gained from the statement that "of all the inventions of the past century only one has been practically known to this people—the friction match." Slavery is so much of a domestic institution among the Indians that the wealth of families is estimated by the number of their slaves. These Indians, by-the-way, are reported to have exhibited some hostility toward the United States—perhaps because they were not consulted when the transfer was made. As to the productions of this far-off country information seems to be uncertain and various; but, condensed, is something as follows:

"Sitka raises fine potatoes."

"Alaska cabbages have no head, turnips and potatoes no body, cauliflowers no sweetness, and the fruit trees no fruit."

"Fossil ivory has been found in Alaska, and the tusk of a mastodon has been brought to San Francisco."

"Crabs six feet long, or wide, are found in Alaska."

"Twenty thousand pounds of walrus tusks arrived in one vessel at San Francisco from Alaska."

"Gold has been discovered back of Sitka, and the diggings promise to be as rich as any in California."

"The chief part of the seven millions purchase-money appears to have been expended for codfish."

"Watery turnips, tough artichokes, stale parsnips, tasteless cauliflowers, insipid cherries, and indigestible raspberries."

"Alaska must have been a glorious country to go gunning in when those old mastodons and things were sloshing around there."

"Alaska is great in fish."

And from these items every body can draw their own deductions. Only the fishes really do deserve a little extra notice. Some of the salmon are said to weigh fifty pounds, and the halibut as much as three hundred and fifty pounds! But the crabs must take the palm, for *three* will fill a barrel! Alaska is expected—by some—to become "the New England of the Pacific—a Yankee country, full of seamen and fishermen and similarly adventurous folks." Land speculators predict that Sitka will have fifty thousand inhabitants in less than a dozen years; and, finally, somebody is reported to have already taken up his abode in Sitka, so as to be on hand to run for Congress as soon as there is a chance.

Things are coming to a bad pass in our city railroad cars. A gentleman in entering a Sixth Avenue car not long since found the door-way blocked up by three men who seemed unwilling to stir. They presently left the car, however, and immediately the gentleman discovered that his pocket had been picked of seventy-five dollars. The conductor said he knew the men were pickpockets; but when asked why he had not informed the passengers of the fact he said that he was not going to run the risk of having his head kicked off! So is there to be no protection in the cars against known and systematic villainy?

It is said that an electro gas-lighting apparatus has recently been placed in the painting gallery of A. T. Stewart's new mansion on Fifth Avenue. The number of burners is three hundred and twenty-five. Each burner is lighted by means of a platinum wire, made red-hot by an electric current.

We do not understand economy in this country. A million tons of coal-dust are annually consolidated for fuel in France and Belgium.

Colonel Hoe, the lightning press inventor, is fitting up a press to print on both sides of a sheet at the same time. So it is said.

There is nothing like having a plenty of newspaper reporters around. They do a vast deal of good when it is least expected. Not long since a rash young man, weary of life, was about jumping from a train in motion when he was deterred by a reporter, who asked his name, age, business, and residence for an obituary item. Still more recently a "newspaper man" in Canada was attacked on a bridge by a rascal, but he threw his assailant out into the river and made an item of him.

During the last cold snap a car loaded with barrels of cider was thrown from a railroad track in Connecticut. The cider became frozen, and the people carried it away in bags. A clear case of "*hard cider*."

Unsuitable conduct in church service seems to be attracting attention in various sections of the country. A court in Indiana recently imposed heavy fines on a company of church whisperers and laughers, whose conduct had, at last, become so intolerable as to require judicial treatment. A Pennsylvania paper suggests that church pews be placed on pivots, so that the occupants may not be obliged to strain their necks every time somebody comes into church.

There is a match factory in Detroit which occupies three and a half acres of ground, and is capable of turning out about 1,000,000,000 matches every year. Enough, remarks a local paper, to set all creation on fire.

Milwaukee has officially decided the value of a man's beard. In a fight a ruffian pulled out a man's beard, and the court awarded him $15 damages. If it had just been colored by a nightly application of cabbages the damages might have been greater.

An American barber, in London, shaves a man a minute, and defies the world to beat him. People are shaved every day quicker than that—down in Wall Street.

There is one sensible, benevolent man in Pennsylvania—and we wish we knew his name. But he lives in Pittsburg, and is an owner of real estate. In view of the general depression in business he has reduced the rents of his tenant-houses.

A Chicago paper announces a sneezing match; and a tooth-pulling match is in prospect among the dentists. "Matches" are almost played out. A more commendable feat than any mere useless trial of strength has been performed by three boys, who have drawn an aged father and a crippled mother and brother from Detroit to Montreal. Their vehicle was a rude wagon, and the distance about four hundred miles. The family are poor, and the object of the journey was to reach friends in Montreal, who are abundantly able to assist them.

The Brahmins keep their minds clear by temperate habits. They regulate their appetites by a girdle of a single straw. When it bursts they cease eating.

A speedy method of paying off the national debt has been suggested. The fine for swearing in Massachusetts is $1 per oath; in New York, $10 for twenty oaths. If these fines should be rigorously collected there would soon be an immense fund which could not be better applied than to help pay our debt.

Virginia is getting ahead of us. The people there are going to catch fish by *steam*.

A certain Simon, a notorious public executioner in the south of France, has recently died in the hospital at Carcassone. This Simon had been the hero of many adventures in the course of his career. One of these is recorded as being the original cause of the abolition of the punishment of branding. An unfortunate culprit being brought up to be marked on the shoulder with a red-hot iron by Simon, the latter let the instrument fall just when he had applied it to the flesh, so that the mark was not considered valid. Twice again did Simon make the attempt, and bungled in his horrid work until the unhappy sufferer fainted away. The awkward executioner was fined three hundred francs, for the convict had been burned to the very bone. On a second occasion, in attempting to behead a condemned priest, Simon first cut away only a portion of the skull, and in the next attempt cut off the hand of his assistant. This time he was condemned to three months' imprisonment and a fine. Again, being unable to compete either in strength or skill with the criminal, a frightful scene took place on the scaffold, the account of which has prevented the sentence of death from being passed since that time in that same city. The struggle ended in the defeat of Simon and his two assistants, and the culprit was conveyed back to prison. This time the courts of the South resolved that, though forbidden to abolish the punishment of death, they were not forbidden to abolish the executioner, and dismissed Simon from his office. But he loved his "profession," and his unnatural instincts were satisfied by a place as attendant at the dissecting-room of a Lyons hospital, where he remained until, worn out, he went to his native place to die.

A Western paper is responsible for the following good story:

"Theodore Tilton had just entered a hotel in a Western town, and was going up stairs very travel-stained to change his toilet preparatory to lecturing, when he encountered on the second-floor an over-dressed and vulgar woman. 'Are you the porter?' questioned the woman, laying her hand upon Theodore's arm. 'No, Madam,' was the quiet response; 'are you the chamber-maid?'"

It has been said that the word "would" in Rufus Choate's handwriting resembled a small gridiron struck by lightning. Those who have seen specimens of his writing will not consider the comparison inapt.

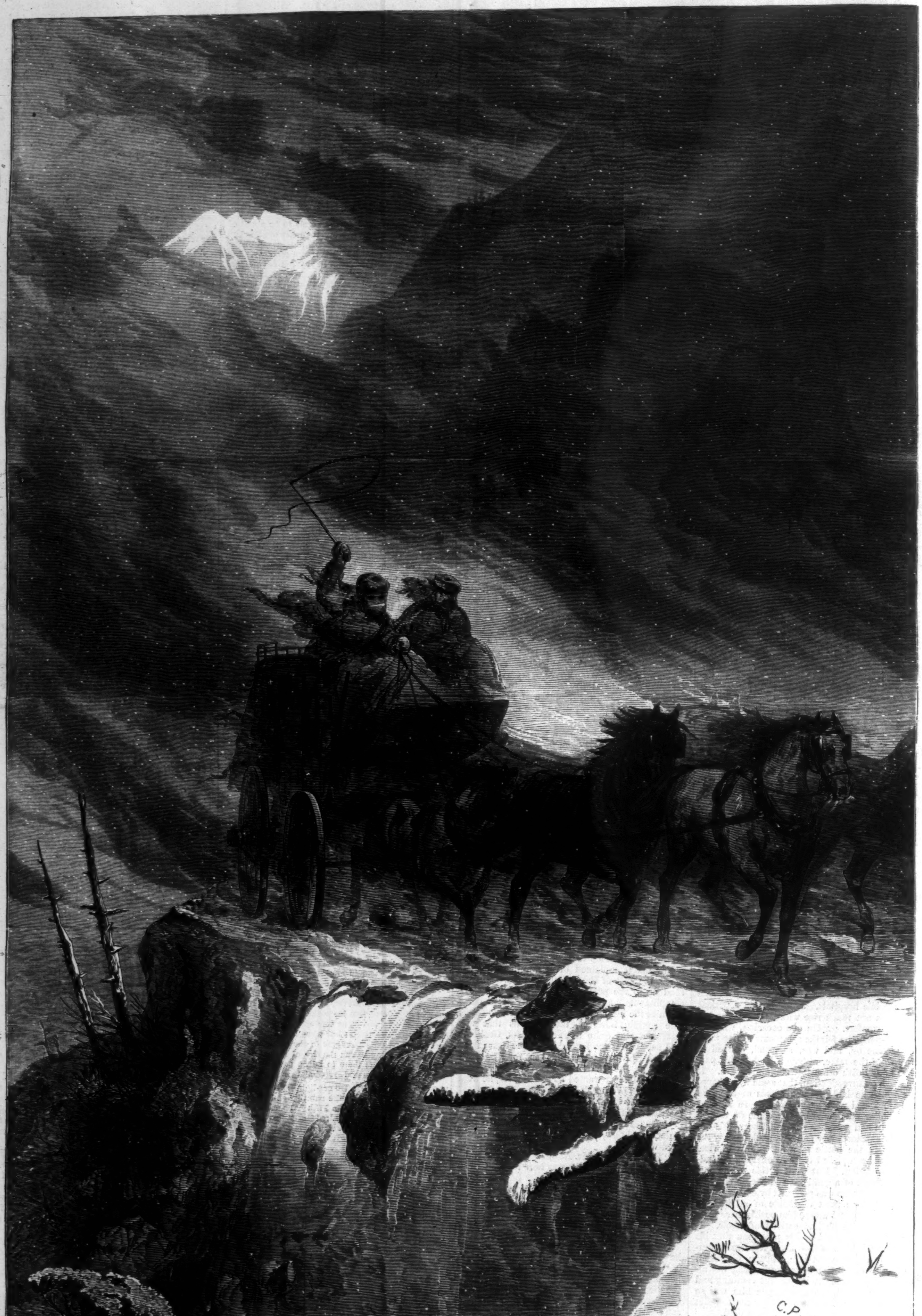
Foreign papers say that out of five young men in Berlin, Prussia, who recently tried to go a week without sleep, three died. Why didn't they go to sleep? And what, or who, kept them awake till they died?

THE OVERLAND MAIL-COACH.

ALTHOUGH the "passage of the plains" and the "ascent of the Sierra Nevada Mountains" by the Pacific Railroad has somewhat contracted the hitherto long route of the Overland Pony Express and Mail-Coaches, these primitive institutions, ever seen in the van-guard of the army of civilization, continue to cross the Rocky Mountains and carry mails and passengers between the termini of the two roads.

In the last volume we gave some illustrations of the route of the Pony Express; on the next page we give a fine engraving, showing one of the many difficulties which the Overland Coach has to encounter in making the toilsome and dangerous ascent of the Rocky Mountains. The road pursued by the coaches is necessarily very narrow, as it is made on the side of the steep mountains, and usually overlooking some deep gorge. In winter portions of the road are found to be sheets of ice, and the streams which dash down the sides of the mountains are bordered by huge icicles, or rather glaciers of great size and magnificence. The coach in our engraving is represented in the midst of one of the heavy wind-storms which prevail in the ravines or gulches of the Rocky Mountains; and the air is filled with the snow-flakes which have been disturbed in their rest on the side of the mountain.

The sketch which we thus reproduce was made by our artist in "Guy's Gulch," a ravine on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, about thirty miles west of Denver City, Colorado.



OVERLAND MAIL-COACH CROSSING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—SCENE IN GUY'S GULCH.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

WINTER SCENES ON THE SEA-BOARD—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 90.]

WINTER ON THE SEA-BOARD.

Our beautiful engravings on page 89 illustrate a peculiar phase of life full of hardships and excitements, but yet not without its attractions, financial or otherwise, since over three thousand persons actively pursue it in winter and summer on our coasts. The summer existence of a pilot is doubtless a delightful one, but in winter the life has few attractions, surrounded as those who pursue it must be by such scenes as we depict. In our series pilot boat No. 20 is seen cruising a few miles out at sea for an incoming steamer. The insurance companies require all vessels on which they take risks to enter and leave all ports under the charge of a regularly licensed pilot, and if a vessel is lost through any violation of this rule its owners can not recover the insurance money. This creates the demand for port pilots, a class of men intimately acquainted with the harbors in which they are licensed to pilot, and they are to be found in large numbers at all times just off the coast at the entrances to our principal harbors. Three or four pilots generally cruise in each pilot boat. When an incoming vessel signals that she is in want of a pilot a small boat puts off from the latter vessel, as in the second picture, and the required pilot goes aboard. Sometimes, while waiting for a pilot, and even after pilots have been taken aboard, the vessels get too near the shore, and are forced to hastily tack and "haul off shore" as it is called. In one of our scenes a vessel thus endangered is represented "hauling off shore." The fourth picture represents the ship, under the pilot's care, homeward bound, passing Sandy Hook; and the fifth and last represents her moored at her dock.

TRANSITION.

Its day is done—
The sweet and transient summer day,
Wherein unfolding to the sun,
It basked its little life away.

'Twas but a worm!
A thing of beauty still to me,
A peerless marvel in the germ,
A wondrous perfectness to be.

And there it lies
In winding-sheet of silken gold,
As kingliest monarch when he dies
May ne'er be shrouded, fold on fold.

Now brown and dead,
This shriveled and unsightly shell
Remains alone of grandeur fled,
The story of a life to tell.

But what is lost?
Does aught forever truly die,
'Mid all the mysteries intercrossed,
That in the heart of nature lie?

Our weak souls cling,
Our fond affections still are wed
To some bright, perishable thing,
Until we wailing cry—'tis dead!

Yet evermore
Does time renew in varied guise
The changeful past, and o'er and o'er
Awakes new life from that which dies.

The hope we mourn,
The tender blooms that fade and fall,
The love that never knew return,
The kindly deed or word—these all

The future keeps,
And faithful will its trust restore,
Though not the same; the worm that creeps
Thus to its tomb, shall wake to soar.

STOLEN HEART'S-EASE.

John Quincy Stewart had read Shakspeare all the morning, lying on a sofa in the Elmendorf parlor.

"He is not a nervous man who can not rest in one place two minutes at a time," Miss Elmendorf remarked, taking her old-fashioned watch from her snug little watch-pocket, and continuing her praise of the Shaksperian reader.

"A very sensible man is Mr. Stewart! For two hours, I think, he has scarcely raised his eyes from his book. He has great concentration of mind. It is always a sign of weak characters to fly off in a tangent every two minutes. My brother thinks all the world of Mr. Stewart. It is a regular Damon and Pythias friendship."

A young girl, standing at the window of the Elmendorf library uneasily drumming on the panes, ceased her impatient tattoo and looked after Miss Elmendorf with a strange look on her young face. It was hard to say what that look meant, and the face was not easy to make out either. The mouth indicated humility, as if she plead guilty to some charge the elder woman had made, but there was contradiction and rebellion in the eyes.

Miss Elmendorf walked into the parlor with a brisk angularity that was characteristic of the Elmendorf gait. The mantle shone like a mirror, but she dusted it carefully; the grate had not an atom of uncleanness on it, but she brushed it dextrously; the furniture was the most orderly looking furniture in the world, but she rearranged it; the books on the table looked as if laid down by line and plummet, but she found work to do even there.

John Quincy Stewart's attention was diverted from his Shakspeare. He glanced from the open page to that tidy, good-looking Miss Elmendorf, and then back to his page again. There was a merry twinkle in his eye. He was thinking of what Philip Elmendorf's young wife had said the night before. "Sister Cynthia is neat to provocation. I really believe she don't sleep nights, thinking of dirt. When she dies I think she will have to be suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth, for she wouldn't ever rest in peace if they placed her in the ground." He laughed, thinking of the way in which the young girl had said it as if under protest, and blushing guiltily a moment after as if she had committed an unpardonable sin.

Then passing from thoughts of the young Mrs. Elmendorf to observation of the elder Miss Elmendorf, his eyes went back to his Shakspeare again.

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess,"

he quoted, closing his book, and following Miss Elmendorf's motions. "Miss Cynthia," he added, "the care bestowed on this room is excess equal to gilding refined gold, painting the lily, etc."

Miss Elmendorf colored, but said, as she stood arrested, duster in hand, "My brother is very neat, and loves order. His wife hasn't a particle—"

She paused abruptly, for the door opened, and the young girl to whom she had spoken in the library entered. With the weary air of one in quest of amusement or occupation she went to the table and turned over the books.

"You will find some excellent reading matter there," commented Miss Elmendorf, rubbing some imaginary stain from the marble mantle with her duster. "There are several delightful memoirs."

The younger woman shrugged her shoulders.

John Quincy Stewart looked apprehensively at Miss Elmendorf. She disliked that shrug of the shoulder in Philip's young wife so much; it looked so Frenchy and rebellious. She supposed she had picked it up at boarding-school, from one of those trifling French teachers whose brains lay in their heels. She never did think much of the French, but she must not say any thing of the sort now, for Elizabeth was of French extraction.

Elizabeth, Philip Elmendorf's wife, added to the disapprobation expressed by the shrug of her shoulders the quick words, emphatically said, "I hate memoirs. They are always about stupid good people, who die in their youth. As a rule they are poor and pious."

John Quincy Stewart's mouth curled mischievously under his mustache. He knew Cynthia Elmendorf so well that he was predicating her opinion of Philip's wife: "Entirely too decided for a woman, and so unreasonable!"

But Cynthia Elmendorf was a woman of vast control, and only by the look on her face betrayed her opinion. "There are some scientific works," she remarked, with an air of resignation.

Like a spoiled child's answer came the response: "I never read one in my life. I should fall asleep in five minutes."

"They are full of facts," remarked Cynthia Elmendorf, in an argumentative way.

Elizabeth Elmendorf shrugged her shoulders, and delivered herself of the heterodox opinion: "I hate facts."

John Quincy Stewart's mustache failed to cover his smile, and he placed the open volume between his face and the two women. "It beats Shakspeare," he said to himself, "the talk of these two women. Miss Cynthia is shocked beyond words at that last heresy."

"Elizabeth!" was all Miss Elmendorf said, but there was a volume of reproof and disapprobation in the name explosively uttered.

A moment after she said: "That is a good book you hold in your hand."

It was "Baxter's Saint's Rest." Elizabeth Elmendorf laid it down with a sigh. "I am not a saint," she said, "I should not understand."

She left the books in a confused pile and walked to the window.

Miss Elmendorf, the tidy housekeeper, crossed directly to the pile of books and arranged them in orderly precision.

John Quincy Stewart looked after her and christened her Martha, "careful and troubled about many things." His eyes followed the two women with a merriment that the half veiling of the dark, heavy lashes could not hide.

His friend's wife drew the shade from the window and let the sunlight fall in golden bars across the carpet.

When she had left it his friend's sister let the curtain drop again and excluded the sunlight.

Elizabeth Elmendorf stepped to a little vase and bent her head over a cluster of flowers, scattering their petals with her touch.

Five minutes later Cynthia Elmendorf took the faded flowers from the vase and threw them out of the window. "They only litter up the carpet and make a muss," she said.

Elizabeth Elmendorf went to the piano and dashed off a merry, whirling galop.

"I wish you knew 'The Dead March' from 'Saul,'" commented Cynthia Elmendorf. "My brother thinks it has more music in it than all the dancing music that was ever written."

Elizabeth Elmendorf, standing over the grate, bit her lips and picked nervously at her handkerchief.

It was a habit Cynthia Elmendorf had condemned more than once, it was such a childish, nervous trick, so little like a grown woman's ways, she had said, severely. But Miss Elmendorf did not find fault now. She was a woman who did not speak all her thoughts, and she remembered John Quincy Stewart's words the day before: "Your brother's wife is very young. Do not be hard with her." Hard? Miss Cynthia had been shocked at Mr. Stewart's use of the word. She was a conscientious woman who only meant to do her duty.

But—Miss Elmendorf knit her brows and looked searchingly at the young girl before the grate—could it be? Was Elizabeth weeping? Elizabeth, with no lack of food and raiment—in fact, much better food and raiment than she had been accustomed to in former days—a house full of comforts, and a husband whom any woman for miles around would have esteemed it an honor to marry! Elizabeth weeping? Why, if there was a woman in Christendom who ought to return thanks for her position, that woman was Philip Elmendorf's wife.

"Are you ill, Elizabeth?" asked Miss Elmendorf.

"No," was the low answer.

"Don't be a baby, then," chided Miss Elmendorf. "There is nothing my brother despises so much as idle tears."

"I never saw such a child for her years!" exclaimed Miss Elmendorf, as the young woman hastily left the room. "She can't settle herself to any thing, but wanders around from one thing to another, in a way that fidgets me half to death. She doesn't seem quite happy, as you say, but there is no sense or reason in that. I am sure I don't know what a woman can want that Philip's wife does not possess. In my opinion she can not appreciate my brother, and I think he committed the greatest mistake of his life in marrying such a woman."

John Quincy Stewart differed with Miss Elmendorf on the question of appreciation. Her brother's wife was young, perchance a little giddy, and the atmosphere of her new home was very different from that to which she had been accustomed. Miss Cynthia must give the woman time to get acclimated. She was warm-hearted and enthusiastic, and their quiet ways chilled her, perhaps, but she would fall into their ways gradually.

Miss Elmendorf shook her head and sighed, reiterating her previous remark, "I fear Philip has made the greatest mistake of his life, and I think he begins to see it himself. Elizabeth's childish ways fret him exceedingly."

"Hush!" whispered John Quincy Stewart, raising his hand, warningly.

"What do you hear?" asked Miss Elmendorf.

"Nothing," he answered, after a moment's pause. "I think it was a mouse in the wall."

That night Philip Elmendorf and his friend discussed some knotty point in law, sitting over the library fire. Cynthia Elmendorf, a little way off, sewed industriously, and listened. She was thinking it was quite like old times, before Philip met that poor little Lizzie Whipple, and committed the unaccountable error of making her his wife, because, forsooth, she was young, and bright, and pretty.

There was a movement at the door, and Philip Elmendorf's wife entered.

"There is an end to any quiet, sensible talk now," thought Miss Elmendorf. Philip's wife had such a way of flitting around like a butterfly, or bird, or any other unsteady thing, and she broke into the grave, quiet talks with the most unreasonable assertions, and had not an atom of dignity or propriety about her.

But Miss Elmendorf was mistaken. Philip's wife walked into the library that night with a propriety and dignity that was a match for "Miss Cynthia's own," as the girl-wife called Miss Elmendorf's manner. She placed her work-basket on the table, and gravely seated herself to the arrangement and sewing of patchwork blocks.

Miss Elmendorf arched her eyebrows incredulously. Was there something in the girl, after all?

Philip Elmendorf smiled approvingly. He had liked Lizzie Whipple's bright and merry ways when a girl, but he admired dignity and sobriety in Elizabeth his wife.

John Quincy Stewart wondered. Companion though he was of Philip Elmendorf and friend of Philip's sister, there was a geniality in his nature that formed no part of the Elmendorf character, and the young wife, curbed and checked on every side, had detected the sympathy gleaming in John Stewart's eyes and smiling from his handsome mouth, and sometimes in her rebellious moods had poured out her indignant protests in his presence.

This patchwork was her especial aversion. "Such nonsense!" she would say, flinging it into her work-basket when Miss Elmendorf left the room. "Such nonsense! Cut muslin in pieces, with malice aforethought, and sew it together again! It is contrary to all rules of domestic economy. I am a labor-saving machine. I don't believe in it, and I have a mind to say I won't do it."

But that night she sewed the pieces meekly, scarcely lifting her young head. She was strangely passive, as if indignation and rebellion were not possible in her life.

John Quincy Stewart wondered, and contrasting the weeping, sensitive girl with this woman, cold as Niobe, sunless and tearless, he asked himself, doubtingly, the question, "Was the rustling I heard only a mouse in the wall?"

After that night there was a change in the Elmendorf mansion. The new spirit of antagonism that had entered in the shape of Philip's young wife, and fought against the coldness and hardness of the Elmendorf character, lay still as if it had been smitten with its death-blow. Elizabeth Elmendorf took to dusting of mantles, and rubbing of furniture, and eschewing the sunlight and flowers, after the manner of Philip's proper sister.

Miss Elmendorf said Mr. Stewart was right. He was a man of great discernment and penetration. He had said that Elizabeth would fall into their ways gradually.

John Quincy Stewart shook his head sadly. The woman had not fallen into their ways gradually. She might have done that, and her nature sustained no shock, but no sudden revolution takes place without the crushing of inner forces.

He watched her one day as she dusted and laid the books straight, and piled the music, and shut out the sunlight. She did it like a born Elmendorf, he thought; but he did not smile as when he had observed Miss Cynthia. Miss Cynthia's rigid ways were as little cause of wonder as the silence of the granitic hills, but to a woman of Elizabeth Elmendorf's nature this new mood was as little to be trusted as the solemn stillness of Vesuvius. He brought flowers, and smiled to see the smouldering fires in the woman's soul flash out of her dark, beaming eyes; he read poetry, and saw that underneath the calm exterior the woman's heart was stirred; he brought new music, and waked some of the melodies she was nigh forgetting.

Neither Philip Elmendorf nor his sister objected. John Quincy Stewart was a man among a thousand, Philip said, and his sister nodded her approval. In her eyes he had no equal among ten thousand.

There came a day when John Quincy Stewart passed out of the Elmendorf mansion with a sad and thoughtful face. Years must elapse before he could see its familiar walls again.

Two women watched him from the windows. Cynthia Elmendorf, grave and dignified, with a great sorrow in her eyes, stood at the library window, gazing after the retreating figure; and Elizabeth Elmendorf, crouching behind the damask curtains that shaded the bay-window in the parlor, sobbed as if her heart would break.

The old eight-day clock in the hall, striking the hour of four some time later, roused the two women. Cynthia Elmendorf came out of her reverie with a guilty start. She had actually been dreaming and wasting time, this practical economist, and the parlor was in disorder, as parlors are sure to be after the departure of guests. Sighing heavily, and arising with the air of one who puts away some haunting memory, she walked into the parlor with the old, brisk angularity of gait.

The eight-day clock had roused Elizabeth Elmendorf too. "Four o'clock!" she had exclaimed, mentally. "Philip will soon be here, and all things must be in perfect order. Perfect order! He does not see the chaos in my inner life."

She said the words sneeringly, and for a moment Elizabeth Elmendorf was a defiant and rebellious woman. Only a moment, and the rigid calmness came back with the memory of words Cynthia Elmendorf had spoken. "I fear Philip has made the greatest mistake of his life, and I think he begins to see it himself." You could see by the look on her face how that woman had vowed in her pride that he who had chosen her should have no reason henceforth to repent his choice. Only for a moment had her hungry heart uttered its cry of need, only a moment sighed for the crumbs that had fallen to her from John Quincy Stewart's genial kindness.

The door opened and Cynthia Elmendorf entered, proceeding to the dusting of mantle and arranging of furniture and piling of books. On the table was a vase of faded flowers. She took them to the window with intent to fling them out. Suddenly she paused, and her face grew tender and pitiful. She remembered that John Quincy Stewart had brought them there with the apology, "They will keep our hearts young. Never mind the litter, Miss Cynthia." She surveyed the flowers meditatively. No! she could not throw them away. She would keep them for a souvenir. She laughed at herself. It was such an odd thing for Cynthia Elmendorf to preserve such trashy things as withered flowers. She had always held such namby-pamby doings in contempt. She could hardly bring herself to such a pass of folly. Should she throw them away? She deliberated, vase in hand. "Keep our hearts young," she quoted. No, she would save them. She set them down and went for a paper to put them in.

Elizabeth Elmendorf stepped from behind the damask curtains. She had been a witness to her sister's deliberation. "He brought them to me," she said to herself. "I shall keep one for remembrance."

She bent over the vase and took a heart's-ease, the only one, from the faded leaves and flowers.

Ah! Cynthia Elmendorf, smiling almost like a young girl over the little cluster of withered flowers, thinking tenderly of the hand that plucked them, and dreaming fondly of the day you shall clasp that hand again, check your smile as you have checked others, cease your tenderness and be stoical, as you are wont to be, put away your dreams and be practical and severe, for a younger hand and fairer has stolen the heart's-ease from your flowers!

It was years after that John Quincy Stewart stood in the Elmendorf mansion, noting the old right-angled order and punctilious neatness of the place. Cynthia Elmendorf entered, scarcely changed from the rigid and dignified woman he had left. But there had been great changes. Philip was dead.

"And his wife Elizabeth, where is she?" asked John Quincy Stewart.

Cynthia Elmendorf frowned. Elizabeth was a strange creature, she said. While Philip lived she had fallen into their ways and been a grave and steady woman. It was different now. She was strangely rebellious and had returned to her old childish ways. She never could understand why Philip married such a child.

There are other things Cynthia Elmendorf will never understand. Life itself is incomprehensible and full of mystery since.

"I want Elizabeth, your brother's wife."

John Quincy Stewart stood before Cynthia Elmendorf with that petition.

"Elizabeth!" faltered the woman with white lips. And what became of her dreams?

But the discipline of that woman's life had not been in vain, and she stood up calmly a moment after and said, "I have no right to deny you your choice."

With glad hearts and happy faces John Quin-

cy Stewart and Elizabeth Elmendorf talked of their future joys; and just the other side of a partition wall Cynthia Elmendorf stood over a blazing fire and dropped into the glowing coals the tokens of a lost love, books, letters, and a single cluster of faded flowers. Dreams were over and hopes dead. Elizabeth Elmendorf had stolen the heart's-ease from her life.

WHEN NOBODY'S NIGH TO HEAR.

By JEAN INGELOW.

THE snow lies white, and the moon gives light,
I'll out to the freezing mere,
And ease my heart with one little song,
For none will be nigh to hear.
And it's O my love, my love!
And it's O my dear, my dear!
It's of her that I'll sing till the wild woods ring
When nobody's nigh to hear.

My love is young, she is young, is young,
When she laughs the dimple dips.
We walked in the wind, and her long locks blew
Till sweetly they touched my lips.
And I'll out to the freezing mere,
Where the stiff reeds whistle so low,
And I'll tell my mind to the friendly wind,
Because I have loved her so.

Ay, and she's true, my lady is true!
And that's the best of it all;
And when she blushes my heart so yearns
That tears are ready to fall.
And it's O my love, my love!
And it's O my dear, my dear!
It's of her that I'll sing till the wild woods ring,
When nobody's nigh to hear.

MY WIFE AND MY SON'S WIFE.

BARRING the selfishness of the old man's prayer—

"Oh Lord, bless me and my wife,
My son John and his wife.
Us four.
No more.
Amen!"

it is a petition that has literally expressed my heart's desire for years, with this result, that the Lord has blessed me and my wife, but He has not blessed my son John and his wife. Thinking it all over to-night, as I have, reclined in my easy-chair before the fire, I have come to the conclusion that my blessing and my son John's curse are attributable to the differences in our wives.

For some of these differences *vide* below.

As a lass, my wife was bred at home in a great many old-fashioned notions, like the honor due parents, veneration to superiors, the value of time, human accountability, and woman's responsibility. She was instructed, moreover, in the art of bread-making, and a variety of useful employments.

My son John's wife received her education at one of the fashionable boarding-schools that turn out young ladies with all the modern improvements. Among these improvements, so-called, was the conviction that *paterfamilias*, as she learnedly dubbed him, was a dear old fellow to pay bills, a delicious sort of banking institution that had no credit pages in its system of book-keeping, and never balanced accounts. Farther than this, *pater* was something of an old fogy, whose opinions were entirely out of date and too ridiculous for respect or adoption. *Materfamilias* also was a very good woman in her way. As a medium of communication between herself and the exchequer she had no equal, and a better indorser with the family banker could not be found. But *mater* too was full of obsolete notions, and not up to the times by any manner of means. Another modern improvement was the conviction that the time not consumed in eating, drinking, sleeping, dressing, party-going, and novel-reading was an unmitigated bore, to be killed by any possible expedient. The other modern improvements were mainly playing indifferently on a piano, painting poorly in oils, dancing gracefully, flirting skillfully, gossiping recklessly, and doing nothing genteelly.

As a lass, my wife was a buxom woman, glowing with health and happiness. Oh the redness of her plump cheeks and the brightness of her sparkling eyes! She did not need to respond, in her hearty, merry tones, to inquiries after her health, "I am very well, I thank you!" Her rosy cheeks, and rounded form, and clear, strong tones testified to her well-being.

As a lass, my son John's wife was a pale and fragile creature, like a lily or a snow-flake, John said. She had mild, languid eyes and a thin, baby voice that responded faintly to queries after her health: "I am miserable to-day;" and the next day would say, "I am not so well as I was yesterday."

As a married woman, my wife's nerves are a help to her and me; but I am of opinion that the nerves of my son John's wife are more of a hindrance than a help. There is the same difference in the heads and hearts and bones and backs of the two women. My wife's head plans, contrives, considers, and designs. The head of my son's wife aches, throbs, and is always ready to split. My wife's heart is a good, steady, human heart, full of pure blood and the seat of womanly affections. The heart of my son's wife is the seat of disease, and its blood lacks iron. My wife's bones are equal to the full duties incumbent on sound bones, but the bones of my son's wife are deficient in lime, soda, or magnesia, and are full of aches and pains. My wife's back is strong to bear the burdens of the day, but the back of my son's wife is always broken and troubled with lumbago.

My wife takes for her model the virtuous woman in Proverbs: "She riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household and bread to her maidens."

My son John's wife arises toward noon, and has very indistinct notions what kind of meats her household is fed with, or what kind of bread her maidens are eating.

My wife has quick, elastic steps, and rapid-moving hands that are always busy. Like the king's virtuous woman, "she girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms."

My son John's wife moves slowly and gracefully, and her hands are generally folded in elegant repose. The girding of her loins is not strength, I am sure, but some arrangement of whalebone.

My wife's industry is well directed in a variety of useful employments. "She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff."

My son John's wife has a taste for fancy-work. She layeth her hands to the crochet-needle, and her hands hold the tatting-shuttle.

My wife is always well dressed, and her garments are mainly of domestic manufacture. She has a prototype in the habit of the virtuous woman who "maketh herself coverings of tapestry."

My son John's wife is gorgeously attired in society; but my son John groans over the bills from importers, dress-makers, and milliners.

My wife is charming at the breakfast-table. Smooth hair, a tidy dress, a white collar, and a smiling face, make up her charms.

My son John's wife, if she appear at the breakfast-table, is not charming. Her hair is in crimping-pins and curling-papers; her slippers are down at the heel; her dress is shabby, and she wears no collar. Venus herself would be ugly in such attire.

My wife "openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

My son John's wife openeth her mouth with complaints, and fault-finding, and fretful murmurs, and idle gossip, and unreasonable demands; and her tongue is in the bad habit of scolding.

My wife "looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

My son John's wife trusts the ways of her household to servants, and she eats the bread of her cook, when she has one, and the nearest baker's when she has not.

My wife is a good mother to her children. From infancy to maturity she has watched, instructed, and cared tenderly for them. Her attention to their physical wants has been uniform and discreet, and her devotion to their higher interests has been vigilant and unflagging.

My son John's wife leaves her children to the care of menials. They annoy and distress her. Their noise makes her head ache when she is not well-dressed, and their dirty little hands soil her garments when she is. As for their manners it is the business of their teachers to look after them, and what are churches and Sabbath-schools good for if they do not take charge of their morals?

My wife's kingdom is her home. Here she lavishes her best powers and richest gifts, reigning a very queen.

My son John's wife is only a queen outside her home. The shabby woman, dull and indifferent to those whose happiness or misery depends on her moods, develops into the smiling, social queen in the presence of strangers to whom she is under no obligations, and to whom her smiles or frowns are of little significance.

My wife's "husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land." Bless you! He would never have sat there but for her. How do you think he is known? Why, by the whiteness of his linen, and the completeness of his buttons, and the fit of his collar, and the tie of his cravat, and the sleekness of his hat, and the remnants of the smile that settled on his face when, after a good breakfast, the little woman looked him over and dismissed him with a kiss. He is known, too, by the content that fills his heart and shines out of his face with the thought that all day long a wise woman is watching over his interests and looking after his dinner, and will be ready to greet him, when the day's work is over, with smiles and kind words. Of course the elders know him, and envy him, and wish they stood in his boots.

My son John is not known in the gates, for he does not sit among the elders of the land. John's linen is apt to be soiled and fringed at the edges, his buttons are often lacking, his collar does not fit, his cravat is tied carelessly, his hat is rough, and his broadcloth dusty, while his face has the anxious look that settles there when, after a breakfast of sour bread and muddy coffee, he leaves his wife in bed, the baby crying, the little boy riding the silk umbrella, the little girl sailing her shoes in the bath-tub, the chamber-maid giving warning up stairs that she is going to leave, and the cook down stairs giving away soap and tea to her sister's children. John's face scarcely brightens all day long. It is not likely to, with the thought that the income of his business will not balance his family expenses, and the prospect of going home to a sulky wife, children ill-bred and neglected, servants wasteful and rebellious, a dinner illy ordered and worse cooked, and a pile of bills from milliners, dress-makers, "butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers." The elders don't know John, but I greatly fear that club-houses and wine-saloons will.

My wife's "children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." My son John says the Lord gave him no choice of a mother, but he shall never cease to be thankful for the Lord's gift. For myself, I find no words of praise so fitting my wife as the king's praise: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

The children of my son John's wife will never arise up and call her blessed; and her husband says bitterly the Lord gave him the choice of a wife, and he shall never cease to condemn his judgment.

My life is full of content; the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places. Men say I am lucky. Every thing turns to blessing in my hand. Providence has smiled upon me, and the Lord has dealt bountifully with me.

My son John's life is full of bitterness. He complains grievously that every thing goes wrong with him, fate is against him, Providence frowns upon him, and the Lord deals hardly with him.

I pause and ponder. Sitting in my cheerful home to-night, the words of the wise man recur to my mind: "Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands." Looking just across the fire, where sits my holy-faced, sweet-voiced wife, I see the wise woman who has builded her house, and I cease to blame the Lord for my son John's ill-fortune, seeing in his wife the foolish woman who plucketh down her house with her own hands.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A NAPPY THOUGHT.—Why is freedom of the press asleep in France?—Because it's under the influence of its second Nap.

A Bostonian the other day astonished the librarian of a circulating library by saying, "I'll take the life of General Grant."

A MINER'S LAMENTATION—"Vein! vein! give ore."

CROWING HENS.

"Why shouldn't *we* crow?" said the speckled Hen.

"Why not?" said the white Hen.

"Why not?" said all the Hens, as the question went round.

"We are as clever, as strong, as handsome, and as good every way as that domineering old Cock; in my opinion we are superior!" said the speckled Hen.

"And in mine," said the white Hen.

"And in mine," said all the Hens, much impressed and excited by this new view of things.

So they practiced, and stretched out their necks, and stuck their heads on one side, all in imitation of the old Cock, and a very remarkable noise they made.

"Hey-day!" said Drover, stopping as he ran through the yard to listen to the hubbub; "my dear creatures, what are you at? Give up this nonsense. While you keep to clucking you are highly respectable, but when you take to *crowing* you can't think what ridiculous figures you cut—keep to clucking, dears, keep to clucking!"

"Here, you young rascal, walk up and give an account of yourself. Where have you been?" "After the girls, father." "Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?" "No, Sir; but mother did."

PAPA. "Well, Sissy, how do you like your school?"
SISSY. "Oh, so muts."
PAPA. "That's right. Now tell me all you have learned to-day?"
SISSY. "I have learned the names of all the little boys."

"Astonishing cure for consumption," as the old lady said when she sprinkled snuff on the victuals of her boarders.

THE STORY OF A SPOTTED DOG.

I purchase a Spotted Dog from a canine professor.

Before I reach home it begins to rain. The spots on my Dog change their shape.

The rain changes my Spotted Dog into a striped one.

By the time we reach home my Dog is of a clouded-gray hue.

The application of soap and hot water produces a White Dog.

Guided by the ever-efficient police, I find my canine professor in the act of spotting another White Dog for the market!

At a tavern, one night,
Messrs. *More*, *Strange*, and *Wright*
Met to drink and good thoughts to exchange.
Says More, "Of us three,
The whole town will agree
There is only one knave, and that's *Strange*."
"Yes," says Strange (rather sore),
"I'm sure there's one *More*,
A most terrible knave and a bite,
Who cheated his mother,
His sister and brother."
"Oh yes," replied More, "that is *Wright*!"

Diggory says he always respects old age except when some one cheats him with a pair of tough chickens.

MOTHER EARTH.—All of us, as we know, have this common mother. As, however, there is such a great diversity among mankind, we may fairly conclude that each was originally made from a peculiar kind of the same material. Hence, in all probability, the first Scotchman was constructed from a "*sandy* soil," and the first German student from "*pipe-clay*." All sycophants, of course, must have had a *grovely* origin; and without doubt, all members of the *fair* sex must in the beginning have sprung from "*delicate* ground!" N.B.—As a matter of course the first Chinaman came from "tea-*dust*."

A MUSICAL BURGLAR—One who breaks into a tune.

Dr. Abernethy rarely met his match, but on one occasion fairly owned that he was beaten. He was sent for by an inn-keeper, who had had a quarrel with his wife, who had scarred his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Abernethy considered this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said, "Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus—the husband, who is the head of all—your head, Madam, in fact?" "Well, Doctor," fiercely returned the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?"

THE MOST ENLIGHTENED OF SCIENCES—Gas-tronomy.

MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE SHE-WOLF THAT SUCKLED ROMULUS—The new dog-mas of the Church of Rome.

AN ALARMING FEATURE—A cannon's mouth.

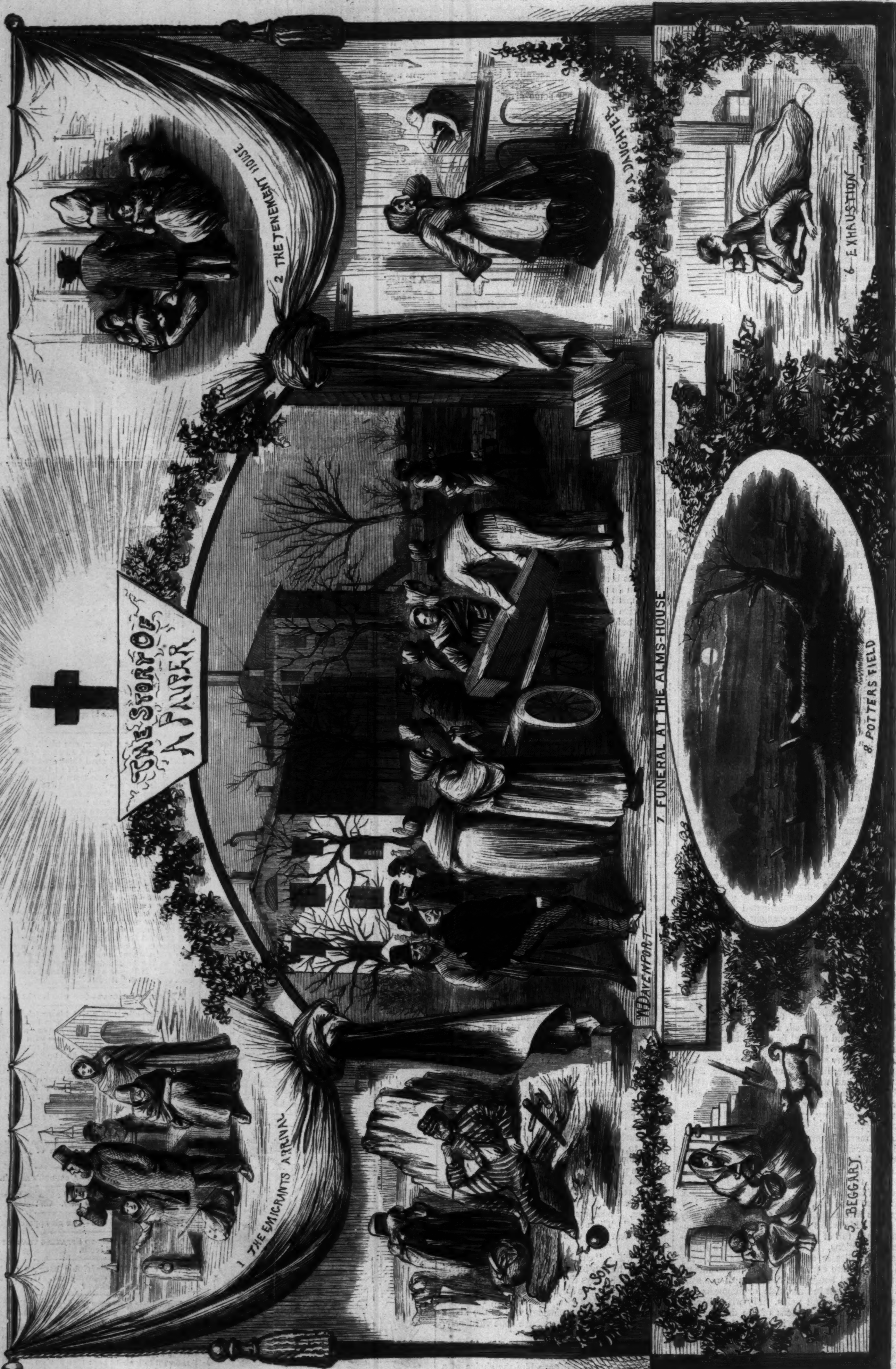
What Christian knights do the life-boat men resemble?—Crusaders (crews aiders). Oh!

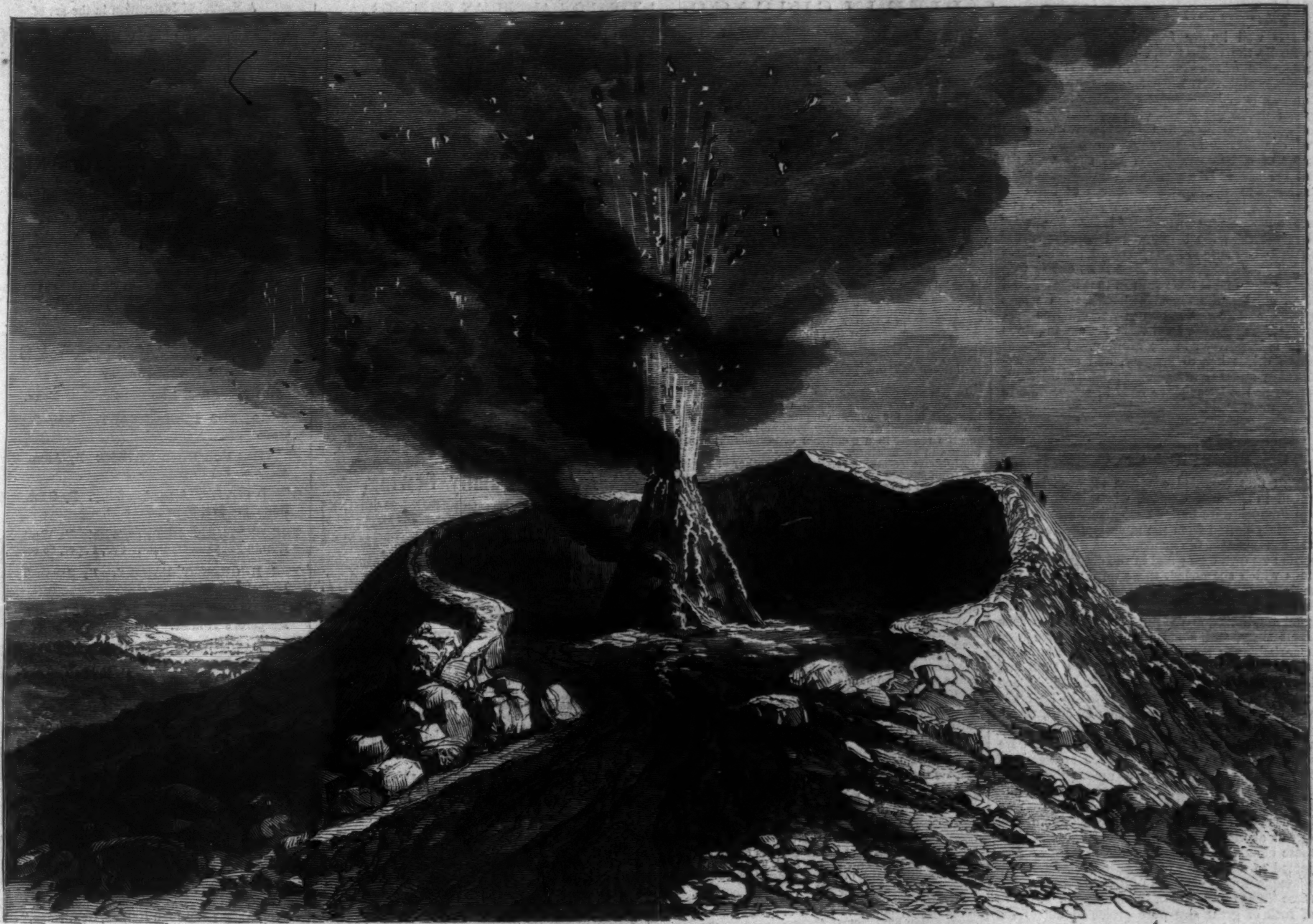
NEW NAME FOR A FOG—The air apparent.

MORE INCONVENIENT TO SPEAKERS THAN A FALSETTO VOICE—A false set o' teeth.

Why can not Philadelphia have an earthquake? Every where else is enjoying one. Where are our enterprising earth-Quakers?

Three little girls were playing among the sage brush in a back-yard. Two of them were "making believe keep house" a few yards distant from each other—neighbors as it were. One of them says to the third little girl: "There, now, Nelly, you go to Sarah's house, and stop a little while and talk, and then you come back and tell me what she says about me; and then I'll talk about her: then you go and tell her all I say, and then we'll get mad and won't speak to each other, just like our mothers do, you know. Oh! that'll be such fun!"


THE STORY OF A PAUPER
1 THE EMIGRANTS ARRIVAL
2 THE TENEMENT HOUSE
5. BEGGARY
6—EXHAUSTION
7. FUNERAL AT THE ALMS-HOUSE
8. POTTERS FIELD
W.H.DAVENPORT



MOUNT VESUVIUS IN A STATE OF ERUPTION, DECEMBER 20, 1867.—[SEE PAGE 94.]

SCENE ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION.—SKETCHED BY A. W. THOMPSON.—[SEE PAGE 94.]

THE STORY OF A PAUPER.

It is well known from long experience, as shown by the reports of the Commissioners of Emigration, of the Poor, and of our Prisons, that the stings of poverty are most keenly felt, and the allurements of crime most speedily submitted to by the many thousands of poor and ignorant emigrants who flock to this country annually; and our artist, on page 92, to illustrate his theme of a Pauper's Story, has chosen to depict the career of a poor emigrant woman who has come to this country in search of her children. He has chosen the dark side of the picture, and one that fortunately is less frequently displayed than the brighter and happier scenes which attend success. The emigrant is depicted landed on our shores, but there is no one to welcome her. She is next seen in that most dismal of all abodes, the tenement-house, from whose horrors she goes in search of her children. A son is found in the Penitentiary; a daughter's body is discovered in the Morgue. Poverty at length drives her to beggary, and ends in exhaustion and the alms-house; and a brief existence in the latter place ends in a long rest in the Potter's Field.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

The first recorded eruption of Vesuvius occurred in August, A.D. 79, when Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried beneath its ashes. The materials ejected from the mountain were scoriæ and ashes alone, the quantities of which far exceeded its own bulk; and in the occasional eruptions which succeeded, these were the only volcanic products until the year 1066, when the first flow of lava occurred. The total number of its great eruptions down to the present time has been about sixty, and some among them have been remarkable for the vast movement taking place in a short time. Between the years 1306 and 1631 no eruption occurred, except a slight one in 1500. The eruption of Vesuvius in 1631 was accompanied with great currents of lava, which flowed over most of the villages at its base, and at the same time torrents of boiling water were sent forth. The eruption of 1779 is described by Sir William Hamilton as among the grandest and most terrible of these phenomena. White sulphurous smoke, like heaps of cotton, rose up in piles four times as high as the mountain, and spread about it to a proportional extent. Into these clouds stones, scoriæ, and ashes were projected to the height of at least 2000 feet. On subsequent days columns of fire shot forth to full three times the height of the mountain. Masses of rock of great size were projected out of the crater, one of which measured 108 feet in circumference and 17 feet in height. In June, 1794, occurred a terrible eruption, which destroyed the town of Torre del Greco. A single stream of lava was estimated by Breislak as containing more than 46,000,000 cubic feet. A vent opened near the bottom of the mountain 2375 feet in length and 237 feet in breadth, which became filled with lava, and on the hardening of this presented a dyke in every respect similar to the ancient basaltic dykes. The eruption of 1822 broke up the whole top of the mountain, and formed an elliptical chasm about three miles in circumference, and supposed to be 2000 feet deep. In May, 1855, the floods of lava destroyed the village of Cercolo; and eleven cones were produced, from all of which floods of lava poured forth. An eruption occurred in June, 1858, another in August, 1859, and one of great violence in December, 1861.

The present eruption began on December 14, 1867, and the flow of lava has been very great and continuous ever since, though no villages have been destroyed.

A SOUTHERN PLANTATION SCENE.

Every reader acquainted with Southern plantation life will recognize the faithfulness of the sketch on page 93. The negroes are ardent lovers of music—most of them are natural musicians; and there is no charm so unresisting to them as the sound of a fiddle or "de old banjo."

Messrs. G. W. Reed & Bro. announce in this column that they will give a Gold Fountain Pen and a Year's Subscription to this Paper for Five Dollars. The offer is a good one, and they refer to Harper & Bros. as to their reliability and the quality of their Pens. Find the advertisement below this, and read it.

Fifty-four Days without Food.—Many of our readers have doubtless noticed an item concerning the refusal of a citizen of Dayton, Ohio, to take food. The Dayton *Journal* of Wednesday of this week says: "Yesterday was the *fifty-fourth* day since Mr. Brown, of this city, tasted food. This is the united testimony of Mr. Brown and his family, who are worthy people. —*Exchange.*

If Mr. Brown has not taken *food* for fifty-four days, he must have been taking some pretty nourishing *drink!* We presume he has been taking "Upham's Fresh Meat Cure."—*Communicated.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS. HARPER'S BAZAR, WEEKLY, or MAGAZINE FOR ONE YEAR, and a SUPERB ISAAC REED & SON GOLD PEN AND HOLDER, FOR $5 00. The Price of this PEN AND CASE is $2 50, and each Pen is WARRANTED.

Send for a Circular.

By special arrangement with Harper & Brothers, we are able to make the above liberal offer.

G. W. REED & BRO.,
206 Broadway, New York.

LIFE IN CHICAGO.

NELLIE ELLSWORTH;
OR,
THE LOVER FIEND.

A TALE OF LIFE IN CHICAGO.

BY EDWARD MINTURN.

In producing this startling and thrilling composition, by an author who seems alike at home on land and sea, and to possess a knowledge of the realities of life enjoyed by but few romancists, the publishers of

The New York Weekly

have again struck a wave of the popular tide of sentiment which for months past has been steadily carrying them forward to fame and fortune.

NELLIE ELLSWORTH;
OR,
THE LOVER FIEND,

in originality of plot and characters, as well as in startling effects and points, is far ahead of any of this author's previous efforts. Exhibiting the power of weak innocence to struggle with and to conquer villainy, in high and low life, showing the blackness of human depravity in contrast with angelic, yet mortal purity, it teaches throughout a lesson which the most fastidious can but pronounce good, pure, and ennobling.

In the opening scene the villain of the life-drama exposes a part of his plot to a wretch weaker than himself; but for several chapters the mystery, which is only unveiled at the close, is merely hinted at, leaving the reader in a condition of tantalizing wonderment and uncertainty.

Alphonse Germaine rescues the brother of the heroine from suicide and want, having no nobler aim in so doing than to ruin and possess the heroine. To this end he aids in their migration from New York to Chicago, furnishing funds and pretending disinterested friendship. To carry out his plans he employs mercenary wretches to aid in their execution, and finally has

PIERCE ELLSWORTH,

the artist, brother of Nellie, thrown into prison for passing counterfeit money, which his confederates have placed in his hands and room without his knowledge.

But this villainy finds a powerful opponent in an eccentric but gifted young man, a kind of Jack-of-all-trades, whose specialty is "playing on a harp of a thousand strings."

A broken-down lawyer, whose necessities have made him a tool in the hands of Germaine, is the principal actor in fixing the charge of felony on Pierce Ellsworth; and while doing so the lawyer discovers a mysterious connection which satisfies him that the Ellsworths are heirs to an immense property; and Germaine having also discovered the secret, designs to possess himself of the estate.

But it would be unjust to the reader to farther anticipate the events of this thrilling story; to be properly appreciated the story must be perused as it came from the author's hand. The chapters are full of rapidly changing events, in which a brother of the eccentric Soundway, a

RAILROAD ENGINEER,

takes a foremost part. The close is dramatic in the extreme, and from a chaos of dark mystery and feverish uncertainty the principal characters come out in joyous light and happiness.

Mr. Minturn has in this work gone beyond his previous efforts, and gives token of holding a lofty literary position hereafter.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY,

now rapidly advancing to a circulation of

200,000 COPIES,

will feel the demand for this story more palpably than it has yet felt the call for other works by the same easy, vigorous, and versatile writer. The literary sensation of the day is EDWARD MINTURN'S LAST AND BEST STORY,

NELLIE ELLSWORTH;
OR,
THE LOVER FIEND,

which will be commenced in No. 14 of the

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

Ready Thursday, February 6.

☞ Every News Agent sells the New York Weekly.

TRADE MARK

GREAT UNITED STATES TEA WAREHOUSE of T. Y. Kelley & Co., 30 Vesey St., New York, are now supplying families throughout the country with TEAS, warranted in all cases perfectly pure as imported, at cargo prices, thus saving to them five or six profits of middle-men, which average from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound. Clubs can be formed in any city or town, by any person, male or female, and to such as will take the trouble we will furnish them Teas and Coffees for their own use free of charge, to the amount of five per cent. on each order they send us. On application, we send, by mail, circulars containing price list of all our Teas and Coffees, also club lists and terms to Agents in detail.

We forward all goods, collect on delivery, by the Express Company, and members of the Club can divide the Express charges equally among themselves.

Price List.

Oolong (black), 60, 70, 80, 90, $1 00 best.
Mixed (green and black), 60, 70, 80, 90, $1 00 best.
Young Hyson (green), 60, 70, 80, 90, $1 00, $1 10, $1 25.
Imperial (green), 90, $1 00, $1 25.
English Breakfast (black), 70, 80, 90, $1 00, $1 10, $1 20.
Japan, 90, $1 00, $1 25.
Gunpowder, $1 25, $1 50.

We import a very superior quality of Kiangsi Oolong and Moyune Young Hyson Teas, put up in original Chinese packages, which we sell at $1 30 the Oolong and $1 60 the Young Hyson, per package.

Ground Coffees, 20c., 25c., 30c. per pound. Best Old Government Java, ground, 40c.

All goods put up by us bear our trade mark, and no others are genuine. Address all orders to

Great United States Tea Warehouse of
T. Y. KELLEY & CO., 30 Vesey Street,
P. O. Box 574. New York.

BARD & BROTHERS,

GOLD PENS,

PEN AND PENCIL CASES, SILVER, RUBBER, and GOLD-PLATED TELESCOPIC PEN-CASES, TOOTH-PICKS, &c., &c.

JAMES D. BARD, Agent,
No. 22 Maiden Lane, New York.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS

Are pronounced by distinguished Painters, Poets, and Critics the best that are now made. We challenge the most critical examination of our Chromos in Oil—such as Tait's Groups, Britcher's Landscapes, Lemmen's Poultry Pictures, Correggio's Magdalena, the Flower Boquet, or the Kid's Play-Ground.

Our CHROMOS after WATER-COLORS are equally artistic. They are:

Wood Mosses & Ferns. By Ellen Robbins. $1 50
Bird's Nest & Lichens. " " $1 50
(Companion Pictures.)
The Baby. (After Bouguereau.) $3 00
The Sisters. " " $3 00
(Companion Pictures.)
The Bulfinch. By William Cruikshank. $3 00
The Linnet. " " $3 00
(Companion Pictures.)

Of the last pictures George L. Brown, the celebrated American painter (unrivaled as a colorist and painter of atmospheric effects), says:

"I admire them much. I saw some splendid specimens in Europe, which were wonderful; but never supposed that even finer ones were executed in Boston. What particularly excites my admiration is the tender and delicate half tints, the high finish, and the finesse and richness of tone. I think they must do much to educate the public in the way of color. How far superior to the hideous color lithographs we have been so shocked in seeing so long a time! I congratulate you on your success. George L. Brown."

Our Chromos are sent free to any address on receipt of price. Our Journal of Popular Art, explaining how Chromos are made, mailed free. Send for a copy.

L. PRANG & CO., Boston.

All the Family Sewing.

BARTLETT'S Reversible SEWING MACHINES are the cheapest reliable machines. The style sold at $25 00 will do all the family sewing.

Examine the different styles at the Bartlett Machine and Needle Depot, 569 Broadway.

HARPER'S WEEKLY FOR 1867.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,

have now ready:

VOL. XI. OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Price, Bound in Cloth, $7 00; *in Half Morocco,* $10 50.

The Annual Volumes of Harper's Weekly, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, free of expense, for $7 00 each. *A Complete Set,* comprising *Eleven Volumes,* sent on receipt of cash at the rate of $5 25 per vol., *freight at expense of purchaser.*

Our Historical Societies and Public Libraries should secure a complete set of the volumes of the Weekly, for every year will add to their value as an illustrated record of the times.—*North American Review,* Boston, Mass.

Harper's Weekly may be unreservedly declared the best illustrated newspaper in America, whether in an artistic or literary point of view.—*The Independent,* New York.

As a record of events and opinions, and a picture of the time, Harper's Weekly has a permanent value, while its wealth of excellent stories and essays make it an endless source of entertainment. The editorial articles are of a very high order of merit, and relate to subjects which attract the attention of all intelligent and patriotic minds. It is a necessity in every household.—*Transcript,* Boston, Mass.

Unlike most illustrated journals, Harper's Weekly has displayed political and literary ability of a high order, as well as artistic merit. Its political discussions are sound, clear, and convincing, and have done their share to educate the American people to a right understanding of their duties and dangers. It has earned for itself a right to the title, "A Journal of Civilization."—*Evening Post,* New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents.

DAVID WATSON, Ag't, Adams Press Co.,
26 Courtlandt Street, New York.

CHASE'S IMPROVED DOLLAR MICROSCOPE. Adapted to all trades and professions. Agents wanted. Sample sent by mail on receipt of $1, with directions. Address O. N. CHASE, 81 Washington St., Boston, or FOWLER & WELLS, New York City.

ARCHITECTURAL
IRON WORKS,

FOURTEENTH STREET, between AVENUES B and C, NEW YORK.

D. D. BADGER, President.
N. CHENEY, Vice-President.

Fire-proof Buildings of every description, and every kind of Iron Work for Building Purposes, also for Bridges.

A NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

UNDER the present vicious system of trade, consumers of goods have to pay more than double what they cost, owing to the number of hands through which they pass. We have, therefore, established a plan whereby consumers in the country towns can receive their goods, almost direct from first hands, and at a very small advance. Send for our Circular. A splendid chance is offered to Agents, male and female, to get up Clubs. Address S. C. THOMPSON & CO., 30 Hanover Street Boston, Mass.

Musical Instruction without Teacher.

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE for the Piano, Violin, Flute, Melodeon, Cabinet Organ, Guitar, Accordeon, Fife, Flageolet, and Clarionet. Designed in its Lessons, Examples, and Exercises to impart a knowledge of playing without the aid of a teacher. With selections of choice music. Price of each book, 75 cts. Sent postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston. CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway.

"Economy is Wealth."—Franklin.

WHY will people pay $50 or $100 for a Sewing Machine when $25 will buy a better one for all PRACTICAL purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "MEDALLION" Machines can be had in any quantity. This Machine is a double thread, complete with Table, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excel all others, as thousands of patrons will testify. ☞ AGENTS WANTED.—Machines sent to Agents on tral, and GIVEN AWAY to families who are needy and deserving. Address

J. C. OTTIS & CO., Boston, Mass.

A Manual of Instruction in the art of

WOOD ENGRAVING

With a description of the necessary tools and apparatus, and directions for their use. With Illustrations. Sent free by mail, on receipt of 50 cents, by the publisher, JOSEPH WATSON, 55 Water Street, Boston.

HOLIDAY JOURNAL—FREE.

16 LARGE PAGES of Parlor Plays, Magic Sports, Games, Experiments, Problems, Puzzles, SENT FREE. Address ADAMS & CO., Publishers, Boston.

$10 A DAY FOR ALL. Stencil Tool samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

GREATEST WONDER and Miracle of the age. 25 cents a Package; $2 per dozen packages. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for 25 cts.; 50 Photographs of Rebel Officers for 25 cts.; 100 Female Beauties for 25 cts.; 100 Actors for 25 cts. Address C. SEYMOUR, Holland, N. Y.

THE NEW NOVELS

published by

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

MARGARET'S ENGAGEMENT. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES. By Annie Thomas. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

GUILD COURT. A London Story. By George Mac Donald. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THE BROTHERS' BET; or, Within Six Weeks. By Emilie Flygare Carlen. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

THE HUGUENOT FAMILY. By Sarah Tytler. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

MABEL'S PROGRESS. By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THE WATERDALE NEIGHBORS. By the Author of "Paul Massie." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

CARLYON'S YEAR. By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd." 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

STONE EDGE. A Tale. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

Sent by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

"Unquestionably the best sustained work of the kind in the world."

Harper's Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

In the Number for January was commenced "*The Woman's Kingdom: a Love Story,*" by Dinah Mulock Craik, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*New York Observer.*

It meets precisely the popular taste, furnishing a pleasing and instructing variety of reading for all.—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"A complete Pictorial History of the Times."

Harper's Weekly.

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

In the first Number for 1868 was commenced the issue of "*The Moonstone,*" a Novel, by Wilkie Collins, Author of "The Woman in White," &c.

The model newspaper of our country.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The articles upon public questions which appear in Harper's Weekly form a remarkable series of brief political essays.—*North American Review.*

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

Harper's Bazar.

In it is now being published "*The Cord and Creese,*" a Novel, by James De Mille.

The Bazar, as an intelligent critic upon all feminine topics, will doubtless become the *Queen* of American newspapers.—*Albion.*

TERMS FOR HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, One Year......$4 00
Harper's Weekly, One Year...... 4 00
Harper's Bazar, One Year...... 4 00

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, *or* Bazar *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers *at* $4 00 *each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for* $20 00.

Bound Volumes of the Magazine, each Volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume, sent by mail, postage paid. Bound Volumes of the Weekly, each containing the Numbers for a Year, will be furnished for $7 00, freight paid by the Publishers.

The Postage within the United States is for the Magazine 24 cents a year, for the Weekly or Bazar 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the Magazine, or 20 cents for the Weekly or Bazar, to pre-pay the United States postage.

Subscribers to the Magazine, Weekly, or Bazar will find on each wrapper the Number with which their subscription expires. Each periodical is stopped when the term of subscription closes. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In ordering the Magazine, the Weekly, or the Bazar, the name and address should be clearly written. When the direction is to be changed, both the old and the new one must be given.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of Harper & Brothers is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

Terms for Advertising in Harper's Periodicals.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $250; Half Page, $125; Quarter Page, $70—each insertion; or, for a less space, $1 50 per Line, each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line, each insertion.

546 Broadway.

"In the hours of our Happiness and Prosperity let us remember the Unfortunate and Disabled Soldiers who saved us a Country and a Nationality."—LINCOLN.

GRAND POPULAR MOVEMENT

TO ERECT THE

GETTYSBURG ASYLUM

FOR INVALID SOLDIERS,

UNDER A SPECIAL CHARTER FROM THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, PASSED MARCH 6, 1867.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The object of this Association is to provide, by public exertion, a NATIONAL HOME for our disabled Soldiers, to erect an asylum for those who, in their patriotism have served their Country at the expense of their health and happiness; who, in the battle for the Nation's life were maimed, and are now incapable of working for their own maintenance. France has her Hotel Des Invalides where rest the ashes of the great Napoleon; England her Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, the former being one of the finest architectural structures ever devoted to charity. Russia, Prussia, and in fact, nearly all European Countries have magnificent retreats for the unfortunate Soldiers. Monarchies provide for the alleviation of the suffering caused by war, but free, prosperous, REPUBLICAN America has no place for her crippled and sick Soldiers but the county poor-house, or the sidewalks of her crowded cities. These noble patriots left happy homes to save our common country in the hour of her deep distress. We pledged to them our lasting gratitude, and now those who are dependent look to us in their utter need to redeem those pledges. They have performed their part—we enjoy the result of their sacrifices: we must not be recreant to our obligations. Let us each devote but a single dollar to this purpose, and the Gettysburg Asylum will afford the Soldiers a Home, and our Country will be honored by the noble Institution.

THE LAND HAS BEEN PURCHASED

By this Association, and Ten Thousand Dollars have already been paid toward the preservation of the Battle-Ground; about thirty acres (adjoining the site of General Meade's Headquarters) have been set apart for the uses of the Asylum.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE.

Whereas, the Supervisors of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers have made due application to John H. Diehl, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second Collection District of the State of Pennsylvania, for permission to hold a Gift Festival, and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of said Gift Festival will be devoted to charitable uses;

Permission is hereby granted to the said Supervisors to hold such Gift Festival, exempt from all charge, whether from special tax or other duty in respect to said Gift Festival. E. A. ROLLINS *Commissioner*.

LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, *October 28th*, 1867.

Having labored for three years to erect a Home for our Crippled Veterans, and having passed a bill for that purpose in the New York Legislature incorporating some one hundred of our best citizens as directors—but under which bill no action has been had, from that time to this—and knowing the great and crying necessity of the case, the shame of leaving our disabled veterans to starve or beg, I hereby most cordially endorse your enterprise, and it shall have all the aid of my tongue, pen, and influence.

Very truly yours, CHAS. G. HALPINE.

Fully sympathizing with your great object, I tender you, gratuitously, the services of my Full Orchestra on the occasion of your Festival at Irving Hall. THEODORE THOMAS.

From the Postmaster General of the United States.

I recommend to all Postmasters that they shall aid this truly benevolent and patriotic enterprise.

A. W. RANDALL.

Having perfect confidence in the integrity of your enterprise, and heartily indorsing your noble object, it affords me pleasure to tender you gratuitously the use of my show-window for the display of your diamonds.

JOHN N. GENIN, 513 Broadway.

We hereby certify that we have examined the Diamond Goods, Pearls, Emeralds, Rubies, and other precious Stones, as described in the list, and find them all genuine.

HENLE BROS., Diamond Importers, 26 Maiden Lane, New York.
J. HERMANN, Diamond Setter, 394 Broome Street, New York.

In order to promote public confidence in the highest degree, and for the furtherance of this great object, the Association has decided to place the $300,000 *Worth of Diamonds on public exhibition* in the show-window of the large Fur and Hat Establishment of John N. Genin, No. 513 Broadway (under the St. Nicholas Hotel), N. Y. The world-renowned *Yacht Henrietta* has also been purchased. The *Farm of 600 Acres* is located in Sullivan County, N. Y., and is one of the finest Stock Farms in the State; has a splendid Mansion, and is complete in every particular.

There will be 1,200,000 tickets issued at one dollar each, admitting the holders to both of the

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS:

One at IRVING HALL, New York, Saturday evening, February 8, 1868, and one at HORTICULTURAL HALL, Philadelphia, Saturday evening, February 22, 1868, on which latter occasion a Committee of prominent citizens will be selected to associate with the Management in making the distribution, to commence on Monday, February 24th, at 10 o'clock, A.M., at Horticultural Hall.

$641,950 in Valuable Presents

will be distributed among the Ticket-Holders, in accordance with the Charter and the following

SCHEDULE OF AWARDS.

1. 1 Grand Cash Award	$100,000	54. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	$1,500
2. 1 Splendid Farm (600 acres)	60,000	55. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	1,500
3. 1 Yacht, the famous "Henrietta"	50,000	56. 1 Diamond Bracelet	1,500
4. 1 Diamond Necklace, 48 Brilliants	30,000	57. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	1,500
5. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds)	25,000	58. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring	1,500
6. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds)	25,000	59. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl	1,500
7. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings	15,000	60. 1 Choice Emerald Stud	1,500
8. 1 Diamond Necklace, 28 Brilliants, Star Setting	8,000	61. 1 Single Stone Ring	1,500
9. 1 Diamond Necklace, 29 Brilliants	7,000	62. 1 Single Stone Pin	1,500
10. 1 Diamond Cross, set in Silver (large diamonds)	7,000	63. 1 Cluster Brooch	1,500
11. 1 Diamond Slide, 15 Brilliants	6,000	64. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	1,500
12. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	5,000	65. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-Rings	800
13. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	5,000	66. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	800
14. 1 Diamond and Pearl Cameo Bracelet, Brooch, and Ear-rings	5,000	67. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring	800
15. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	4,000	68. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, Ear-Rings, and Pin	800
16. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000	69. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl	800
17. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000	70. 1 Diamond and Ruby Three Stone Ring	800
18. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000	71. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring	800
19. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch and Ear-rings	4,000	72. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	800
20. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000	73. 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Studs	600
21. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000	74. 1 Gent's Gold Watch and Heavy Chain	600
22. 1 Diamond Single Stone Scarf Pin	4,000	75. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, Star setting	500
23. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000	76. 1 Diamond Garnet Cluster Ring	500
24. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000	77. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	500
25. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	3,500	78. 1 Emerald Knob	500
26. 1 Diamond Emerald Cluster Brooch	3,500	79. 1 Pair Diamond and Ruby Ear-Rings	500
27. 1 Pearl Necklace	3,500	80. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring	400
28. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings	3,500	81. 1 Diamond and Emerald Stem Pin	400
29. 1 Diamond Cross	3,000	82. 1 Ladies' Diamond Set Watch	400
30. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000	83. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	350
31. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000	84. 1 Gold Watch	300
32. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings	3,000	85. 1 Diamond and Opal Ring	250
33. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000	86. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	150
34. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000	87. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	150
35. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Studs	3,000	88. 1 Diamond Three Stone Ring	150
36. 1 Diamond Brooch (in Silver)	3,000	89. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	150
37. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	3,000	90. 1 Pearl Scarf Pin	150
38. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000	91. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring	150
39. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000	92. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	150
40. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	2,500	93. 1 Gent's Diamond and Amethyst Ring	150
41. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,500	94. 1 Diamond Cluster Pin	100
42. 1 Diamond and Emerald Brooch	2,500	95. 1 Cameo & Pearl Brooch and Ear-Rings	100
43. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500	96. 1 Cameo Brooch	100
44. 1 Pearl Breast-Pin, Ear-Rings, and Head Ornament	2,500	97. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	100
45. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500	98. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring	100
46. 1 Diamond Cross	2,500	99. 1 Ladies' Gold Watch	100
47. 1 Diamond and Emerald Ornament	2,500	100. 1 Coral Brooch and Ear-Rings	100
48. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500	101. 1 Pair Garnet Sleeve Buttons	100
49. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,000	102. 1 Gold and Pearl Scarf Pin	50
50. 1 Diamond Cluster Stem Pin	1,500	103. 1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
51. 1 Single Stone Diamond Ring	1,500	104. 1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
52. 1 Diamond Cross	1,500	105—1104. 1000 Copies of the splendidly illustrated Presentation Work entitled the "Tribute-Book," at $20 each	20,000
53. 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Ear-Rings	1,500	1105—2104. 1000 Photograph Albums, at $5	5,000
		Also 120,000 Cash Presents, $1 each	120,000
		Making in the Aggregate 122,104 Presents, valued at	$641,950

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

Orders may be sent to us in registered letters or post-office orders, in sums from $1 to $25 at our risk. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following Club Rates:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$25 00
10 " "	9 00	50 " "	43 50
20 " "	17 50	100 " "	85 00

Address all orders and communications to

GETTYSBURG ASYLUM ASSOCIATION,
546 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, or
PHILADELPHIA OFFICE, 1126 CHESTNUT STREET.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., Removed from 42 to 37 and 39 Nassau St., Opposite the P. O.

Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. Also Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs).

TESTIMONIALS.

From the Philadelphia Press.

THE OROIDE WATCH.—By reference to the advertisement of Messrs. Collins & Co., it will be seen that the firm claims to give a really good watch, with good works, and an oroide case, for fifteen dollars. Oroide is a costly bronze, precisely resembling gold, wearing like it, and never changing color like pinchbeck. We have examined these watches and found them good and cheap—two having been purchased at retail price by gentlemen in our office—and are satisfied that they are fully what Messrs. Collins & Co. represent them to be. Their ladies' watches are very beautiful, and we know of no present so cheap which would be more acceptable. The very small proportion of gold which is given in most of the so-called gold watches of the present day renders them practically of no greater value than oroide.

C. E. Collins & Co., Nassau Street, New York: BLACKSHEAR, GEORGIA, January 6, 1868.

GENTS,—I have just seen one of your gold fifteen dollar ($15) watches, and must have one immediately. You will please ship at your earliest convenience one of the same kind (imitation gold $15 watch). If I get as good a one as the one I have just seen I can make a good trade for you in this part of the country.

Yours respectfully, J. S. COLOORD, S. Atlantic and Gulf Railway, Georgia.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, January 10, 1868.

GENTS,—I have carried one of your oroide watches some time. It keeps good time, and keeps its color good. I am well pleased with it. Mine is a large size, at $15. Please send me one of the ladies' size.

A. H. BRIGGS, 256 So. Desplans, Chicago, Illinois.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FORT SUMNER, NEW MEXICO, December 28, 1867.

GENTLEMEN,—I have received your chain per express, for which I paid $6 75, and am well pleased with it. I consider it a cheap article. Please send me two of your watches, gentlemen's size, at $15 each. Send them C. O. D., by express, to Fort Union, New Mexico, where the mail conductor from this post will receive them for me and pay all expenses. I have no doubt but I will be able to send you several more orders when the watches are seen here. Yours respectfully,

J. R. BOLTON, Quartermaster Sergeant, Co. "F," 37th U. S. Infantry.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, December 31, 1867.

SIRS,—Please send me one more of your oroide watches. I received the watch you sent, and I am very much obliged for such a good timepiece. Very respectfully, PATRICK D. CORNIGAN.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co., New York: FARMINGTON, IOWA, December 25, 1867.

GENTLEMEN,—I am much pleased with the watches, and concluded to keep them both. There is another order on the way for you, sent on my account. Hoping the above may be satisfactory, and expecting to send more soon, I remain, Yours truly, A. T. CHURCH.

Messrs. Collins & Co.: PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, January 19, 1868.

GENTLEMEN,—We are very much pleased with the watches, and have no hesitancy in recommending them generally. Hoping your advertisement in our paper will do you much good, &c., M. T. WOLF, Press Office.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: BLACKSHEAR, GEORGIA, December 27, 1867.

GENTLEMEN,—You will please send me one of your oroide hunting watches by express to Blackshear, Ga. —No. 8, A. & G. R. R.—C.O.D. I saw the watch you sent to Mr. W. W. Campbell, which created a great sensation. I think you will be patronized if you hold out and prove to be genuine. I would be pleased to be your agent if I would be any help to you. There will be quite a number here that will send for watches in a short time. Respectfully yours, E. F. SWEAT.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FORT UNION, NEW MEXICO, December 25, 1867.

SIRS,—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your watch, and it gives entire satisfaction; but you forgot to send me the $2 chain. You will have more orders from me before long. Yours respectfully,

JAMES DILLON, "A" Co., 3d Cavalry, Fort Union, New Mexico.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: TOPEKA, KANSAS, January 4, 1868.

SIRS,—The watch came safely to hand to-day. I think it will prove all I expected. Please send me one ladies' size, double case, by the Merchants' Union Express, Topeka, Shawnee Co., Kansas, G. W. Wines. Please send me a nice watch, and oblige GEORGE W. WINES.

A SUPERB LIKENESS of Mr. CHARLES DICKENS adorns the title-page of Mr. J. R. Thomas's new song, "GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE." Words by Geo. Cooper. Price 50c. Copies mailed.
Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway.
Up-Town Store, 865 Broadway.

The Book of Wonders tells how to make all kinds of Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Cosmetics, Candies, Wines, Cordials, Soaps, Dyes, and hundreds of other articles in daily demand. Easily made, and sold at large profits. Sent postpaid for 25 cents, by O. A. ROORBACH, No. 122 Nassau St., N. Y.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16, $23, $30. Price of Office, $15, $20, $30, $42, $48, $70. Send for circular to LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water St., Boston.

THE LITTLE JOKER—Full of Fun—and an exquisite PHOTOGRAPH, beautifully Colored, will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents by W. HEPBURNE, 102 Nassau St., New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS—All kinds. Samples, 25c. Address A. Seymour & Co., Box 27, Station A, New York.

The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS

22,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship Golden State,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship George Shotton.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (green and black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St. (Post-Office Box, No. 5643), New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts make payable to the order of the Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.